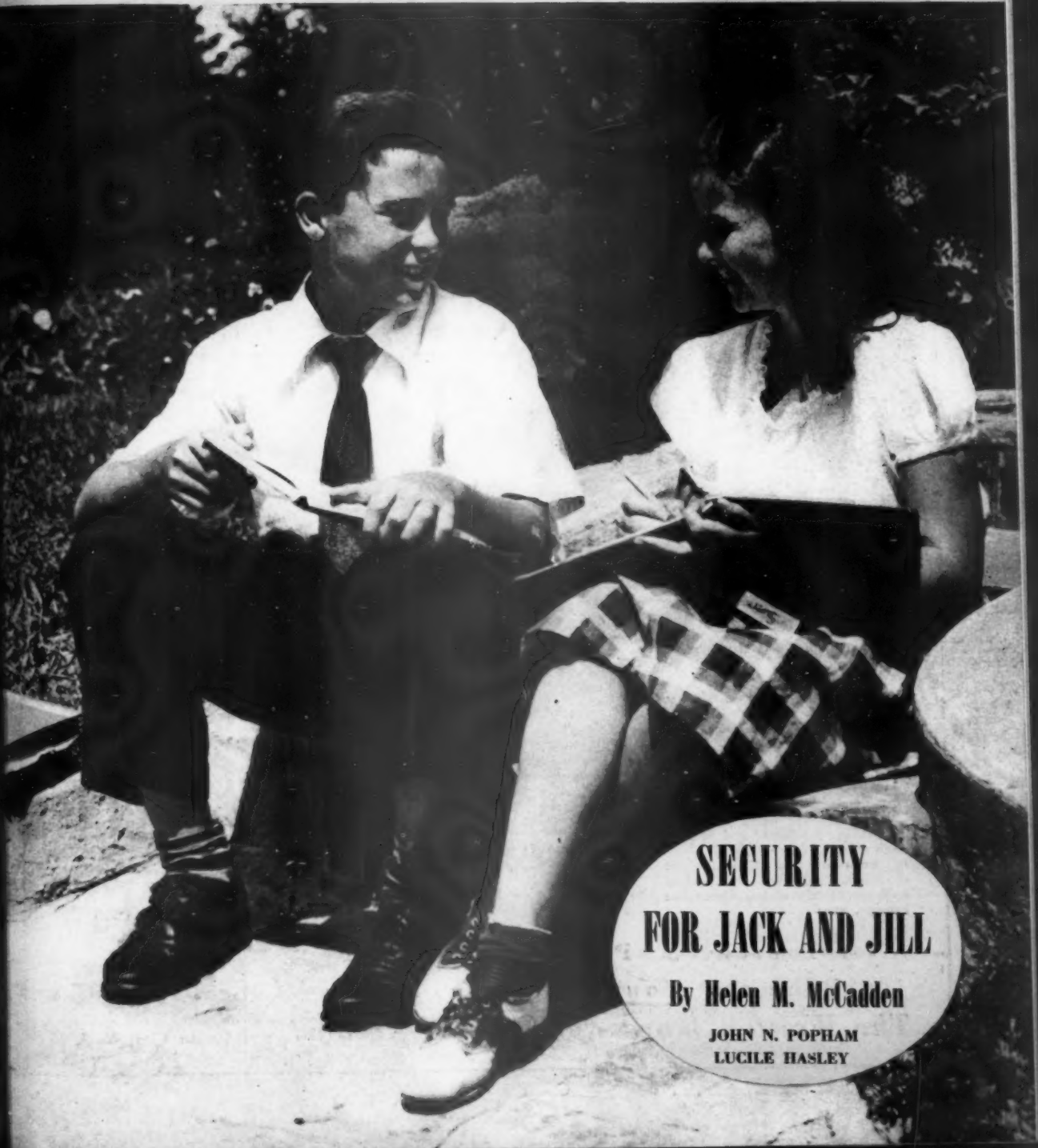


The Sign National Catholic Magazine

September 25^c



SECURITY FOR JACK AND JILL

By Helen M. McCadden

**JOHN N. POPHAM
LUCILE HASLEY**



WITHIN REACH..

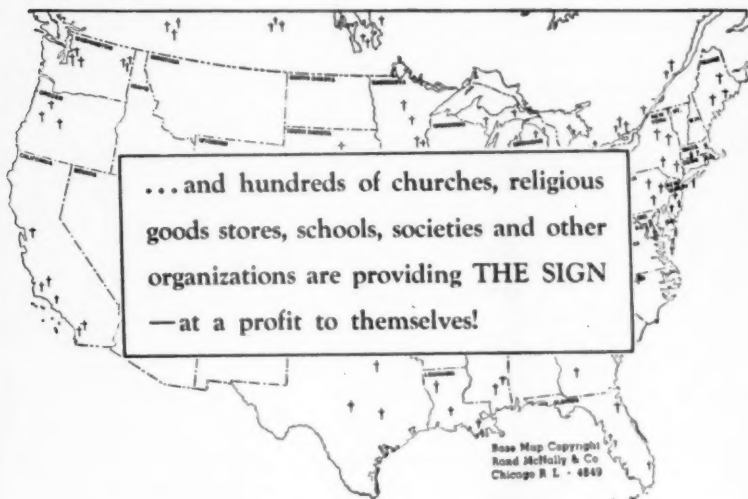
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FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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By Rev. F. H. Drinkwater

A new omnibus edition. This is a book which many teachers will already know and which every teacher should possess. There are nearly seven hundred stories in this collection, some old, and some new, and each fitted to drive home some point of Catholic teaching; for convenience as well as for completeness, they are adapted to the Baltimore Catechism. \$3.50

AS IN A MIRROR

By Father James, O.F.M. Cap.

Meditative essays by one of the greatest living Catholic philosophers. They were written during the fall of the year. Father James transmutes his reveries on the glories of autumn into piercing reflections on the deeper meaning of human life. \$2.50

PSALMS AND CANTICLES OF THE BREVIARY

By Rev. R. J. Foster, S.T.L.

This book will aid the student to penetrate more deeply into the meaning of the psalms and canticles and thus to pray his breviary in the spirit intended by the Divine Author. It will also prove acceptable to priests who have long been accustomed to the Office, enabling them to achieve a greater appreciation of their daily prayer. They will also find the reading of it helpful during retreat or on days of recollection. Finally those religious whose rule binds them to recite the Office, or those laity who take delight in the psalms, will find here some further assistance in deepening their love for these sacred songs. \$3.75

THE SACRED HEART AND THE PRIESTHOOD

By Mother de la Touche

Available for the first time in English. The subject-matter, meant for every sincere priest, is a consideration of the intimacy and love that should exist between the heart of Jesus and the heart of the priest. This book has been translated into eight languages and Pope Pius XII has given his special blessings to the translator. \$2.50

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By Mother de la Touche

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By Rev. Robert Nash, S.J.

A book of twenty-two practical meditations. Each meditation contains a preparatory prayer, the setting, the fruit, the body of the meditation, the summary, and the tessera or application. *September Selection of the Spiritual Book Associates.* Ready September 1. \$2.00

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LETTERS



Leper Awards

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with tears in my eyes, "Salute to a Great American." As Commander of this Post, I wish to offer, if possible, to help keep alive in the hearts of our lepers the love of our country. Therefore, I personally for my Post will offer the following American Legion Awards to the lepers at Molokai.

SCHOOL AWARD MEDALS

Boys: Honor, Courage, Scholarship, Leadership, and Service

Girls: Honor, Courage, Companionship, Character, Service, and Scholarship

METHOD OF AWARD

Since we cannot follow the regular method of award, I will ask that the Fathers at Molokai act as judges and have members of the school vote for the awards. Their decision will be accepted by us.

ESSAY MEDAL

Men or Women: An essay on America or on the history of Molokai. Again the Fathers will be the judges.

I would like you to send this offer to Molokai for us.

CLAIRE F. CARPENTIER
Commander

Tamara Post No. 1708
Albany, N. Y.

Soul Rehabilitation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Let the devoted readers of THE SIGN follow through with the admirable suggestion made by you on the inside cover of the June issue.

But why not send gift subscriptions of THE SIGN and other Catholic magazines to all veterans' hospitals in the United States and overseas? Certainly many disabled veterans would be eager for this type of reading.

We hear so much about rehabilitation programs for veterans. Is not spiritual rehabilitation the primary step?

MRS. WM. M. OSTRANDER

Jersey City, N. J.

Lucile Hasley

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It seems to me that Lucile Hasley's article "The Mona Lisas" contains only praise for nuns. She states that she has had no contact with nuns, yet for a convert she shows rare discernment in understanding the cause of the Mona Lisa smile.

Her "I Like Priests" was equally interesting. Again she seems to have a sympathy for and an understanding of them which is not always shared by those "whom He hath chosen for His inheritance."

Nuns are people too, and, if a tired nun

wishes to relax by reading a mystery story, who shall blame her?

Times change and so do customs. There was a time when I might have been shocked, but I'm not now when I encounter in the bank our second assistant, clad in slacks, a T shirt, and no hat on his curly head. The soft young neck has had no time to be accustomed to the stiff Roman collar. Even after I look at him twice I still see the little rogue, whom, it seems only yesterday, I was chasing out of my cherry tree.

As a reader, may I welcome Lucile Hasley. The kind of article she writes is just what our Catholic publications need. Let us have more of them.

ALMA M. HOLLAND

Louisville, Ky.

Sign Apostleship

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After my Church, husband, and four children, THE SIGN is my pet love. Your number of readers is far more than the number of copies. After myself and two sons have read mine, I give it to several non-Catholics who ask me for it, asking each to return it, till it has made the rounds. They just love it.

MRS. K. COLEMAN

Bronx, N. Y.

Herbert Parsius

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am writing in criticism of an item appearing in your May issue. I want you to know that I, with other informed Catholics, consider THE SIGN as a refreshing step forward in Catholic publications. In fact, it is the only one that I know of that combines approaches to the different levels of the family. Its coverage of world events, entertainment, religion, and other matters of interest should make it an ideal instrument for the promulgation of ideas.

In your May number, you carried a picture with the following notation, "Herbert Parsius decides what may be sent to Russia. In view of recent complaints, it is interesting to note that he was appointed by former Secretary Wallace." This appears beneath another picture with the following notation, "Heavy machinery and other potential war equipment is shown being loaded on a Russian freighter. War vets justly protested. Remember the scrap iron sent to Japan?"

The notations combined with the photographs suggest that Parsius is a Communist.

Having had occasion to do business with him and appraise him from all angles, I am satisfied that he is one of the finest, most patriotic, hard-working, and conscientious individuals that I have ever met. I am sure that you would agree with me if you had interviewed him, studied his background, and gathered all the facts in connection with his activities in the Government service.

DENNIS R. HORGAN

New York, N. Y.

Brother Dutton

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For entertaining reading, your "Salute to a Great American" by Horace Brown was fine. However, a few points in the story need to be X-rayed.

A friend of mine, a religious brother of the same congregation as the famed Father Damien,

(Continued on page 62)

THE SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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EDITOR'S PAGE

Cure for Inflation

INFLATION is like the weather. Everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it. Least of all the politicians.

Inflation is caused by the fact that there are not enough goods and services available for the amount of money on hand. As a result buyers bid against one another for what they want and prices go up.

To get some idea of where we stand in this regard, compare some figures for the years 1939 and 1948. During this period, average weekly pay for city workers more than doubled—going from \$23.86 in 1939 to \$51.89 in 1948. Farm income from sales and government payments more than tripled. Annual income on hand for spending (income after taxes) is \$190,000,000,000 this year. It was \$70,000,000,000 in 1939.

That sounds wonderful. The American people have \$120,000,000,000 more to spend this year than they had in 1939—even after Uncle Sam has taken his cut in the form of taxes.

But as happens too often there's another side to the silver lining. While the amount of money on hand has increased over two-and-a-half times, industry is turning out only 76 per cent more goods and agriculture only 35 per cent more products than in 1939. And to complicate matters further, we are shipping billions of dollars worth of goods abroad or turning them into armaments. As a consequence, the only way to get what you want is to outbid your neighbor and thus raise prices still higher. The net result is that when you make a purchase today, you must spend a dollar to get what you could have bought for 57 cents in 1939.

The easiest, safest, and least painful way to end inflation is to increase production so that the supply of goods and services will meet the demand. But increased production depends on an increase in the labor force, a greater supply of raw materials, and more transportation. The trouble is that there is no prospect of a much greater supply of any of these factors for some time to come.

Since goods and services can't be increased

enough to stop inflation, the only alternative is to decrease demand. Expressed that way it doesn't sound so bad, but what it really means is a decrease in the amount of money people have in their pockets to spend. No wonder politicians who bellow loudly for war on inflation run in fright from anything like a really practical and effective cure for it.

We had better face the fact that there is no means of stopping inflation that won't be painful to everybody—workers, farmers, professional people, bankers, and businessmen. There is no cure for inflation that doesn't entail more work and less money for everybody—a ban on further wage increases for workers (except in cases of real hardship and inequity), less government support of farm prices with a consequent decrease in income for farmers, lower profits for business, higher reserves in the banks and therefore fewer loans and less profit for the bankers, a curtailment of public works, and, to cap it all, higher taxes.

THAT reads like the platform of a politician who doesn't want to be elected—and that's the reason nothing can be done, at least in an election year. But only such an anti-inflation program, one that really gets at the roots of the matter, will be effective. Naturally it will be greatly disliked by a great many people. But if we want to cure the disease we must take the remedy. If we want the end we must embrace the means to attain the end—even if they are unpleasant.

Until the public realizes this, and until anti-inflationary measures are taken out of politics by a bipartisan legislative program, we shall continue to have an inflationary boom—followed perhaps by a deflationary bust.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Harris & Ewing
Paul Porter, special adviser to the President, charts price rises. We all know about that. There will be no remedy until the whole matter is taken out of politics.



Wide World
Henry A. Wallace—the voice of Moscow in America. The program of his Progressive Party is Kremlin-made. American voters should remember that on Election Day.

"THE first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. 'I beg pardon, your Majesty,' he began, 'for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.' 'You ought to have finished. . . . Give your evidence,' said the King; 'and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.' 'I'm a poor man, your Majesty,' the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, 'and I hadn't begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread and butter getting so thin—and twinkling of the tea—' 'The twinkling of what?' said the King. 'It began with the tea,' the Hatter replied. 'Of course twinkling begins with a T!' said the King sharply. 'Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!' 'I'm a poor man,' the Hatter went on, 'and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—' 'I didn't!' the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry. 'You did!' said the Hatter. 'I deny it!' said the March Hare. 'He denies it,' said the King; 'leave out that part.'"

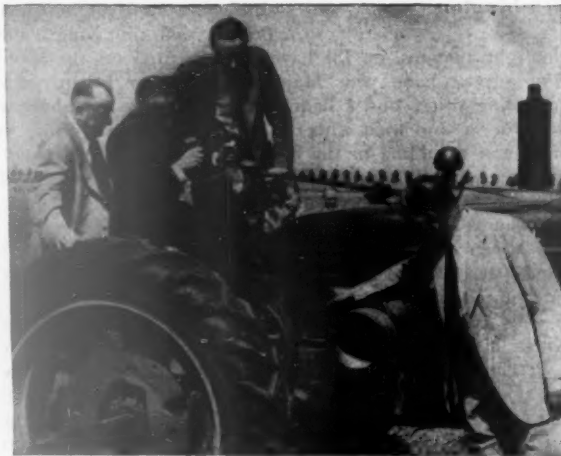
Perhaps if Lewis Carroll were titling his book on Alice for modern readers he would call it "Spy Queen in Washington Wonderland." Certainly the trial of the Mad Hatter reads like a parody on the Congressional investigations into Communist espionage and disloyal agents on the federal payroll. Serious and unsubstantiated charges have been publicly made and denied, and the headline writers have so blared the accusations that the denials have been practically drowned out in the noise.

Many sober-minded citizens who hate Communism quite as much as the members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities or the members of the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, are seriously objecting to this sensational tarnishing of reputations and the lack of due process of law guaranteed by the Bill of Rights in criminal cases. Not agreeing with President Truman that the whole affair is a "red herring," they realize that there have been some serious breaches of loyalty. They do not object to the purpose these committees have in view. They object to the methods used. They are asking, as one man put it, "How many innocent bystanders may the police legitimately shoot down to get their man?"

It must be remembered that investigating committees are as old as our government. We imported the institution from English law. This investigating power is one of the broadest and most important powers Congress has. By it a check is kept on the executive department and the abuse of power that comes from a spreading bureaucracy. By it information essential for legislation is gathered and the public informed of the state of affairs. The legal basis of this power has been outlined in Supreme Court decisions,



The Pope greets Italian workers whom he urges to form an apostolate of workers. His program is the only one that will save them from the shackles of Red bondage.



Paul Hoffman, E.C.A. head, inspects machinery on a farm near Paris. If the Marshall Plan is to succeed, Western Europe's agricultural production must be raised.



Germans watching an American plane flying supplies to Berlin. In view of the extremely dangerous world situation, we cannot have too many planes—whatever the cost.

and the consensus of students of the subject is that assets far outweigh liabilities.

Making full allowance for political motivation and the chance for little men to play to the galleries, it is still an incontrovertible principle that the right of the people to know what is going on in government transcends the rights of individual citizens. The right of Congress to gather all the facts on a given matter being investigated transcends the right of the individual to his own privacy. But it is morally wrong and utterly indefensible for any government group to admit hearsay evidence that amounts to an unsubstantiated smear, to refuse equal opportunity for a rebuttal of charges made, to ride rough-shod over individual rights to a good name and a fair hearing.

As much to blame as anything for the Washington Wonderland spy thriller have been the newspapers, who have wantonly trafficked in reputations. Subversive elements in our government are much too serious a matter for senators, representatives, or news lead writers to treat the spectacle as some sort of a midsummer's Mardi Gras.

IN Rumford, Maine, or Cripple Creek, Colorado, or in many an American town and city in between, there's probably not a person who would part with a continental for one copy of the *Nation*.

The Banning of the *Nation*

They probably had never heard of it until one Paul Blanchard did a series of articles for it. And they probably never heard of Paul Blanchard until he grabbed ahold of the coattails of notoriety by writing these articles which were adroitly anti-Catholic. A Lutheran superintendent of schools in New York City banned the magazine from all public schools in June, and after a flood of protests and hearings the complete nine-man Board of Superintendents unanimously reaffirmed the ban in July. Much as we dislike to add to the free publicity the *Nation* has received, we can scarcely refrain from expressing astonishment that the American Civil Liberties Union, represented by Arthur Garfield Hays should enter the lists to fight the ban; that former Governor of New York Herbert H. Lehman should offer his support; that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, in her column, *My Day*, should urge revocation of the ban; that a special committee including Mrs. Roosevelt, Dr. John A. Mackay, Cass Canfield, William Rose Benet, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher LaFarge, Archibald MacLeish, and of course Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of the Methodist Church, should be formed to uphold the *Nation*. Invidious as the comparison is, we wonder had the magazine been removed because of anti-Semitism or anti-Negroism would these stalwarts of liberalism have been quite so vocal?

As the list grows of those who are championing the *Nation*, one wonders in consternation if these people lend credence and at least implicit approval to the Blanchard attack. When we find the American Jewish Congress, the Public Education Association, and the United Parents Association remonstrating with the New York Board of Superintendents and the Board of Education, one wonders if these organizations are so naïve as really to maintain the issue is one of freedom of the press.

When the American Council of Christian Churches, the Methodist Federation for Social Action, the American Jewish Committee, the Teachers Union CIO, the Teachers Guild AFL, the Lawyers Guild, the American Veterans Committee, and other groups, both political and otherwise, eagerly add their names in protest over the *Nation's* ban, we think it is high time that Superintendent of Schools Dr. William Jensen's two observations were emphasized:

First: "No member of the board received a request from any group or from any individual representing any group asking that the subscriptions to the magazine be discon-

continued. The only pressure has been from groups opposing our action."

Second: "It is not a question of freedom of speech or of the press. We are not raising any question as to the right of a magazine to print any material it wishes to. We maintain that articles which repeatedly attack the religious beliefs of our pupils do not belong in public school classrooms or libraries. Freedom of the press has never meant that everything that is printed must necessarily be used in the public schools."

IN the recent arrest of top Communists in the United States Henry Wallace took the typical party-line attitude and said the expected things. That would deserve no comment. But

Henry Wallace

is Shocked

he did let drop a statement which represents the opinion of a great number of otherwise orthodox Americans. And a dangerous opinion it

is. Wallace said: "We are shocked that there are politicians in our rich, powerful democracy who feel so insecure that they are led to suppress the political freedom of a relative handful of American Communists."

That is what Henry Wallace thinks. And that is what many others think who would find Mr. Wallace's political creed otherwise revolting.

The sinister thing about that opinion is that it is utterly materialistic. It can be true only if material values are superior to spiritual ones; only if the body counts more than the soul.

Our Government intends to prosecute and, if possible, jail these Communists on the score that they are a real menace to the peace and freedom of America. They are considered to be exactly like the Yugoslav Communists, the Hungarian Communists, and the Czechoslovakian Communists in that they are prepared to overthrow the United States Government by any illegal means available and to rule the American people by dictatorship. So, at this all-too-late date, the Government is going to try by legal process to put them out of circulation if it can convict them of the crimes.

Remember, the consideration here is the peace and freedom of America—a man's right to have the say over his own living, provided that he does not violate the same right in others. It is a spiritual thing—protection of a man's natural dignity. That is what these Communists are charged with threatening; and that is what the Government is undertaking to defend.

But Henry Wallace comes along and says: "Granted that the Communists plan to tell you what your children will be taught and whether you may worship God publicly and where you must work and what clothes you must wear and in what house you must live; nevertheless, you should not put them in jail, because they are not quite strong enough yet to carry out their program." That, in paraphrase, is Henry Wallace's meaning.

We are noticing here that such an opinion is raw materialism. And it can sound plausible only to materialistic ears. Suppose that Henry Wallace were to square his shoulders and step into the field of bacteriology and make this statement: "We are shocked that there are finicky people in this year of 1948 who feel so insecure that they are led to start doctoring at the first appearance of pneumococcus infection." We would think that instead of being merely a fanciful man, Henry had gone outright mad.

Neither could Mr. Wallace gain sympathetic attention for any other equivalent statement which might apply to material life. If he said: "We are shocked that there are people so squeamish that they will not drink even a sip of carboic acid," we would begin to look around for the nearest exit. If he said: "We are puzzled that there are drivers who are



Three priests haled before the People's Court in Budapest for "agitating against the democratic system in Hungary." Like the Nazis, Reds fear and hate priests.



André Marie, new French premier, has a headache. All France will have one too until she can find a strong and stable government really capable of governing.



Elizabeth Bentley faces William Remington, whom she accused as Red spy. We've had too many Reds in key posts, but the good name of the innocent must be protected.



French children receiving American food and clothing. We have our faults, but we have done a good job of helping to feed and clothe the needy children of Europe.



Vandenberg, Dewey, and Dulles, Republican high command on foreign affairs. Nonpartisan conduct of foreign relations is more than ever necessary in the coming months.

reluctant to be involved in even a minor crash," someone would pull the emergency alarm. Those are all material values. They register in terms of emotional disturbance and physical pain. We react to them as we would react to a douse of cold water or a pin prick. We come to life; we make a decision; we immediately conspire with ourselves to be practical.

This would be wonderful, provided that our sensitiveness and our practicality extended beyond mere material things. It would be nice, for instance, if a known injustice perpetrated five thousand miles away on a whole nation of people (like Finland) were to make us recoil as much as a veiled sneer flashed at our single self. It would be nice if we appeared blushing and dejected before the world because our nation has compromised with fidelity to its friends and fairness to small countries, just as we would appear blushing and dejected before the world because of a literal black eye. It would be nice if we were to get as excited over a threat to our real liberties, which are mainly spiritual, as we do over "polio," which is strictly physical. Or, to come back to Mr. Wallace, it would be nice if we were as serious about Communism as we are about cancer.

THIS spiritual anesthesia, however, is not the disease. It is only a symptom, an effect. Just as a cough is a symptom and effect of tuberculosis. The disease is a kind of amnesia.

Re-Education In Americanism

The average citizen does not think of spiritual facts. Perhaps it is better to say that he does not know them; he has never understood them.

For instance, take the matter of political equality. It is a spiritual thing. It is a right. You cannot see it. You cannot squeeze it. It does not cause gastric distress. It means that one citizen, if he fulfills the law, is entitled to as much of the attention and consideration of government, as much use of the public funds, as any other citizen in an equivalent position.

The fact is, however, that very few Americans would know when that principle is threatened and how to go about protecting it. They have heard about it. They can recite about it. But they do not know what it means. The only way in which Americans generally could be made really sensitive to its meaning and its implications would be by sampling concrete instances and finding in each the consistent practice of equality. He would have to see that the vote is open to the Negro as well as to the white, and that the American community makes it practically possible for the Negro to vote unmolested. He would have to see that everyone is entitled to go to any accredited school without being discriminated against because he chooses not to go to a school organized to give satisfaction only to an atheist.

Unfortunately, however, the job cannot be done in that dynamic way. And it cannot because much of the charter of American equality exists only as pretty prose on a piece of paper. Begin to make the significance of American equality clear by pointing to even random instances and you immediately draw attention to the fact that in too many cases equality is for those who can lobby themselves into it, and preference is for those who can lobby most powerfully.

In the meantime, the spiritual implications of American democracy are not understood. And because they are not understood, Henry Wallace can make a statement which is considered only suspicious when it is actually downright silly.

If men can be proved criminals, why should they be left at large because they are criminals only against our political liberties? Mr. Wallace implies that they should. And the further implication is that liberty is worth less than your watch or your car or your wallet or other material things, that can be stolen from you.

In spite of some improvement in their attitude to the Negro, most
Southerners reject in practice the Christian and democratic principles they profess

Jim Crow's Homeland

by JOHN N. POPHAM



Klansman Dr. Samuel Green declares that, "If Negroes are given a place at the side of white men through Federal bayonets, blood will flow in the streets of the South"

AS the American people renew their quadrennial game of choosing a chief executive, the issue of civil rights guarantees for minority groups is of primary importance. Each of the major political parties has clearly indicated that from the standpoint of vote-getting the civil rights issue this year revolves almost entirely about the status of the American Negro in our democratic society.

The great majority of Negroes reside in the Southern states and it is largely the undemocratic treatment of Negroes in that region which has resulted in the civil rights controversy's becoming one which may well decide the presidential race because of its frenetic impact on the large Negro populations in key industrial centers that swing large blocs of electoral votes in the North and East.

Thus, it would be well to look southward at this time and assay the prospects of the disinherited Negro in the richest and most powerful country in the world. For it is now apparent to

even the most myopic that the lowly Negro sharecropper occupying his cabin-in-the-cotton and the Negro city dweller obeying Jim Crow customs on streetcars and in movie houses are as important to our international standing as the shoe was to the horse in the doggerel about the battle that was lost.

The South is unquestionably the most perplexing region of the country. A source of strength to the national leadership in the doubtful prewar years when this country wavered between isolationism and internationalism, still it perpetuates a feudal system that is the very antithesis of the one-world philosophy. Frequently called the Bible Belt because of its addiction to the tenets of fundamental Christianity, there are many for whom it daily perverts that religion's great concept of the brotherhood of mankind. Famous in legend and story for its grace, charm, and warm friendliness, it is unusually fertile ground for the Ku Klux Klan, the Columbians, and similar promoters of bigotry.

There appears to be little likelihood of the South's taking any immediate steps to improve the civil rights status of the ten million Negroes living in that region. Indeed, the picture is very bleak and discouraging. The few rays of hope at this time stem entirely from the recent decisions of the Supreme Court insisting that voting privileges and better educational facilities must be given the Negro. The South has a greater respect for the judiciary than for any other branch of the government, and as a result it has made some paltry efforts to conform to the Court's rulings.

On the other hand there is a slowly developing liberal movement in the South which, although thus far unable to make anything more than a mild dent in the formidable shield of political white supremacy, has managed to bring about a number of social, economic, and educational improvements to the point that the Negro is enjoying a larger share of what might be called simple human rights as distinct from the civil rights guaranteed in our constitutional democracy. The entire pic-

ture is so replete with paradoxes that it would do well to survey the situation in some detail.

From one viewpoint perhaps the most enlightening survey in recent years was released on July 15 by the Southern Regional Council, the most widely respected group dealing with race relations in Dixie. Prepared by Dr. Luther P. Jackson, professor of history at Virginia State College, the report declares that the number of qualified Negro voters in the South has tripled since 1940 and that despite insistent demagoguery by white supremacists it is highly improbable that this progress will wane.

The report asserts that although there is a general knowledge of certain gubernatorial and senatorial elections in the South in which the issue of white supremacy has been highlighted, still "the people of the country at large have not been aware of the advancement made by the Negroes in certain cities in this region." In pursuing these efforts toward a fuller citizenship, the report adds, the Negroes have received considerable encouragement from southern whites.

As practical benefits that have come to the Negroes as a result of their increased voting strength, the report lists the construction of additional parks, playgrounds, schools, and other public facilities, as well as token employment in minor city, county, and state jobs, especially those calling for close association with Negroes in a welfare sense.

At the same time, the report points out that although the number of Negro voters has advanced sharply since 1940, the number of qualified white voters also has increased, and in most states at a faster rate, which has maintained the general pattern of white supremacy.

To be utterly fair in any discussion of the subject, one should recognize that the South has the racial problem on a scale that is unknown to the rest of the country. In the last decade there have been amazing improvements in the situation, but to many Southerners the improvements are too slow in coming. In this connection, it is of the utmost importance to realize that much of the present frenzied Southern feeling on the subject stems from acts of amelioration on the part of fellow Southerners.

President Truman's controversial civil rights program issued last January contained ten points, four of which spelled anathema to Dixie. They were the calls for Federal legislation to eliminate poll

taxes, lynching, segregation practices in transportation, and unfair employment practices.

Generally, the history of the poll tax is one of using it as an instrument to disenfranchise the Negro and the "poor white." However, North Carolina did away with the poll tax twenty-five years ago and as yet no Negro has been elected to major public office in that most liberal of Southern states. Again, the poll tax is used by the political machine of Boss Crump of Memphis to win elections through buying up thousands of receipts for Negroes and then racing

shame at tongue lashings and world scorn resulting from past performances, along with the great courage of the Negro in continuing to live in lynch-minded communities and force local law enforcement machinery to acknowledge its duty to protect him.

On the subject of eliminating segregation in transportation there seems to be an attitude on the part of the Southerners to deplore Federal antidiscrimination laws but at the same time to recognize that it is something he may have to accept as a national way of life that goes beyond his State boundaries.



Ewing Galloway

Typical street in Negro slum district. A short block away are modern homes and beautiful gardens of the whites

the Negroes to the polls in trucks at the last minute to discount the ballots of the opposition in a close contest. Also, Virginia, a poll tax state, recently elected a Negro as a city councilman in Richmond.

A realization that the poll tax works both ways has created an atmosphere in the South today whereby there is a wide but somewhat reluctant acceptance of the premise that it should be repealed. However, die-hard politicians insist that the laws against the poll tax should be passed by State legislatures rather than by the Federal Congress. In any case, it is strongly indicated that the South could be pushed over the brink in favor of eliminating the poll tax, although the howls of professional politicians would make the wail of a banshee sound like a mere whispering in the treetops.

A good many Southerners now seem ready to accept antilynching legislation, although here again the politician insists that it must be adopted by the State legislatures. Southerners have been making much of the fact that lynchings have dropped to one or two a year. Make no mistake about it, though, this improvement is due entirely to Southern

He brings to it something of the "toleration" that marks his occasional visits to the North or East, where Negroes sit beside him in buses or in restaurants.

There is nothing on the Southern horizon to indicate that Dixieland is prepared to accept even the slightest change in segregation patterns for schools, restaurants, or transportation by way of State laws. Any effort to bring about such changes by Federal law will result at this time in united opposition from the South, with violence a Damoclean possibility. Meanwhile the elimination of Jim Crowism on interstate carriers by Federal direction is accepted grudgingly, inch by inch, with much muttering in parlors and barbershops about "Yankees and Communists."

TO the South the barb in the President's civil rights proposals was the recommendation for Federal fair employment practices legislation. Many liberal Southerners have balked on this item, and there isn't the slightest chance of rallying any sizable Southern strength behind it. At this time it would appear that the subject, which is a brand

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new patch on the Dixie political quilt, needs to be shaped in the same school that forged the improved attitudes on poll tax and lynching—that of solid education and downright peskiness in approach.

Thus it is apparent that the South is not making any immediate progress in the matter of granting civil rights to the Negro. There is, however, an atmosphere of hopefulness that some advances can be made on certain mild measures, such as those against lynching and the poll tax, particularly if they are handled with dispatch, political dex-

No report on the South's moves would be complete without some reference to its strong religious spirit and the great hopes that rest therein. Southern church groups of various denominations lately have been insistent that segregation is a denial of the Christian principle of brotherhood, a moral thrust that has stirred political reaction and brought about numerous local improvements. The recent stand of Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis, a city of segregation patterns and Southern sympathies, on the question of admitting Negro children to parochial schools was a tremendous

the philosophical sense that evil is the absence of good. The Southerner often is benevolent and affectionate toward Negroes, but more than that he needs to know love of creatures through love of God, a point readily understandable in Catholic teaching. The best chance to bring this concept of love to the Southerner is through his strong religious nature. The Negro is fully aware of this and many Negro leaders know that their best allies in the current struggle are to be found in Southerners who love them as God's creatures and not just those who practice tolerance



Press Ass'n.

Two of Atlanta's eight Negro policemen. They are first ever appointed. They may not arrest whites



International

Negroes voting in Mississippi primary indicates some progress

terity, and a good sense of timing. Unfortunately, no Southern leadership is doing anything concrete and the regional insistence is solely on the side of State action only.

On the specific side there are many chinks appearing in the discrimination armor of the South. News stories this past year have featured the fact that thirty-nine cities and towns in nine Southern states have hired Negro Policemen. A Negro State legislator was elected in Kentucky and a Negro candidate for city council lost by a slim margin in Miami, while another won in Richmond, Virginia.

In Greenville, S.C., scene of a famous lynching trial in the Spring of 1947, there is a drive for Southern whites to have Negro voters enrolled for party primary voting under recent decisions of the Supreme Court. A few weeks ago, Negroes and whites voted side by side in a Greenville city election without any disorder, and several days later the city council set in motion the machinery whereby nine rustic lodges and a lake with boating and swimming facilities, in a nearby State park, were taken from whites and given to Negroes.

boost in morale for the Negro and for the religious working to better race relations in the South.

The South is predominantly Protestant. In the 1920's it was the literary fashion, set by Henry L. Mencken, to scoff at the South as church-ridden with myriad cults and sects. It is only just to point out that the South in being described as church-ridden might just as well be seen as God-thirsty and God-loving. Southerners generally are devout people who love God and who subscribe strongly to the divinity of Christ.

CATHOLICS who have come up against the secular mind of today will agree that it is far easier to deal with a fundamental Southern Protestant who believes in God than with the lukewarm, science-minded, rationalizing "liberal" who claims to love all things great and small, but denies or debates the existence of God. There is always hope with one who loves God, but little can be expected of the wily skeptic who questions the source of all grace.

And therein lies the hope of the South. In general it is not hate the Southerner has for the Negro, but a lack of love in

and acts of paternalistic kindness to soothe a disturbed conscience.

To summarize, it would appear that the South as a whole is ready for some slight improvements in civil rights legislation. It is not doing anything noteworthy along that line at present, however. In specific matters, there are many instances of gradual improvements, but the segregation pattern, to some extent, mars them all.

The picture is dark, despite the improvements. Thus it narrows down to the question now asked by most liberal Southerners and Negro leaders: Is it too late? This writer is inclined at this time to go along with the feeling that it is rapidly becoming too late; that the intransigence of most Southerners on the race question and on the granting of civil rights to Negroes is stubbornly crucifying the greatest experiment in government yet seen; that it is driving the nails while atheistic Communism waits off-stage, strengthening its cause with a distorted picture of the South, grounded on some revolting facts. It may be too late, but there is always prayer that God's grace may move some Southern mountains.



Four Park Street in historic section of Boston. Group leaving Catholic Information Center



Father John Carvlin, C.S.P., Director of the Center, lectures to a typical convert class

THE Paulists are making history in Boston. Three years ago this June past they opened their Catholic Information Center on picturesque Park Street on the pleasant slopes of Beacon Hill opposite Boston Common. It is almost as if they had come home, for the beginnings of the order are closely woven with the nineteenth century intellectual movement that swept Massachusetts and the nation. At the Brook Farm in Boston, Isaac Thomas Hecker drifted closer to the Catholicism that was eventually to prove his natural milieu. Now his spiritual sons are back in the city which can claim him as one of its spiritual sons, preaching Christ crucified to non-Catholics.

They have set up their headquarters in the very heart of the ancient city. Lest anyone be deceived by the faulty figures that Boston is 75 percent Catholic, he should walk Beacon Hill. The Paulists are located in a building that was once the home of Josiah Quincy, famous mayor of Boston. It is about halfway between Brimstone Corner where stands the Park Street Church (Congregational) and the Republican-dominated State House, designed by Bulfinch, with its great gold dome. Several doors away from the Paulists is the world headquarters of the Universalist Church and even closer the world headquarters for the Unitarian Church. Around the corner is what amounts to the world headquarters of the Congregational Church, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. On the other side of Beacon Hill, the Anglican Cowley Fathers have

Paulists on Park Street

In the heart of a traditionally Protestant

stronghold in Boston, Paulists expound the

ancient Faith to all who will heed their voices

by HERBERT A. KENNY

their monastery and are frequently seen on Park Street with their broad hats and black soutanes.

From the front steps of the Catholic Information Center, one can see Sunday's thousands entering St. Paul's Cathedral, headquarters for the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts. From the rear window of the Center, one can see the evening throngs entering Tremont Temple, largest Baptist Church in New England. Across the street from the Center is Boston Common, where Communists, Socialists, every degree of eccentric and every brand of orthodox Christian, as well as Jesuit-trained college boys preach, argue, debate, and lament with, to, and for each other every sunny day in the week. Lest anyone still think that the Paulists have chosen a Catholic center to convert, let them also know that Boston is the world headquarters for the Christian Science Church, whose reading rooms dot the city, that the Methodists publish their *Zion's Herald* and also have the

largest Methodist college in the world here (with more than seven thousand Catholic students), that Jehovah Witnesses sell the *Watchtower* on every tenth street corner, that the *Boston Post*, New England's largest daily paper, carries each Saturday on the religion page thirteen advertisements from spiritualist seance centers and temples, and that, from the steps of the Paulists Center, the Rev. John Carvlin, C.S.P., Director of the Center, could hurl his breviary through a window of a reading room of the I AM.

In effect he has thrown the gospel through the windows of a number of reading rooms. If the work of the Paulists is tougher on Beacon Hill than it would be elsewhere, Father Carvlin and his staff of four have brought new enterprise and new methods to the job of teaching the truth of the Catholic Church to non-Catholic America.

In January of this year, Archbishop Cushing confirmed a class of ninety converts from the Center. In June,



The reading room contains 2,000 volumes—mostly books of interest to non-Catholic inquirers



Photos by Robert Thomson

Father Carvlin giving private instructions. This method supplements the general lectures

Bishop John J. Wright, the Auxiliary, confirmed a class of equal size. That pace has not been maintained from the beginning, naturally. The beginnings were necessarily slow. The Paulists wait until the inquirers come or are brought. Up until June of this year, Father Carvlin estimated that 80 per cent of the inquirers were brought in by Catholics. The other 20 per cent came in by themselves. In May of this year, Father Carvlin stopped merely worrying about those non-Catholics who were interested but timid, who were eager but embarrassed, who knew no Catholics to bring them in, to break the ice, to make the way that much easier. He put advertisements in three papers (Boston has eight daily papers, including the *Christian Science Monitor*). The first two papers brought a total of five hundred inquiries from persons wanting to take the course. The third advertisement brought nearly five hundred more. The project is well on the way to bankrupting the Center! But Father Carvlin has faith in the Providence of God, the strength of himself and his staff, the enthusiasm of the converts themselves, and the Paulists League which does its best to scare up the money that Father Carvlin is spending on stationery, stamps, printing, pamphlets, and books. He hasn't started to estimate the cost to the Center.

To each inquirer who clips and sends in the coupon from the advertisements, the Center sends a paper-bound book, then printed questions, and letters of explanation. If they fail to hear from the inquirer again, one of the priests sends a personal letter. If the examina-

tion papers come back, they are corrected and marked, and grades given the inquirers. The marks are uniformly high, and the interest is sustained in the great majority of cases. It is too early to judge the permanence of the project or its ultimate success. The adventure may yet prove, along with the work of the Knights of Columbus, that newspaper advertising and the correspondence courses are the best ways to reach the non-Catholic. It offers privacy unmatched; it is the ultimate in impersonalness; it does not require the housewife to leave her home. How else would the Paulists have reached a woman (she's getting all A's) who writes to them, "I'm sure I will remain a fervent Methodist to the end of my days but I'm enjoying your course tremendously!"

To each student-by-letter the Paulists offer an inexpensive but pleasant copy of DaVinci's Last Supper if they come to the Center in person.

The Center is well set up to receive them. In the basement of the building is a pamphlet room. Here the telephone switchboard is located. Through it the priests and their lay volunteers receive hundreds of questions daily. There is a rule that all questions of dogma must be answered by one of the priests. The majority of the questions do not involve dogma, and many of them are from Catholics wanting to know if "tomorrow is a fast day?" "How old is Archbishop Cushing?" and hundreds more.

Behind the pamphlet room is what was the Quincy kitchen. Here, where John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, once sat wiping per-

spiration from his bald head, the priests and volunteers handle the correspondence, seated before the great fireplace. Upstairs is the reception, recreation, and reading room, lined with books and guarded by volunteer receptionists. The receptionists bother no one unless some person indicates a desire to be addressed or to speak. Visitors are permitted to wander where they may unaccosted and read what they want among the books, the magazines, and the pamphlets. To the rear are the offices where the priests give private instructions and overhead are the classrooms where group instructions are given. On the third floor are the priests' rooms. Father Carvlin sleeps in what was once a lecture room for a Baptist minister.

The chapel occupies what was once a Waldorf restaurant (in the second of the two buildings used by the Center). And what some wit may guess actually happened—a woman wandered in by force of habit for a cup of coffee, found a chapel, made inquiries, ended up a Catholic. The Waldorf system never served her better!

This is not the first such Center that the Paulists have set up, but it is unique because of its location, its historical associations, and—now, its enterprise. The first three years were difficult, but the prospects for the coming three are exciting, particularly so with the indications given by the correspondence course in Catholicism. The Paulist Fathers are restrained in their predictions, but their volunteers, many converts among them, believe the Park Street Center has launched one of the great movements of our time.



He stared and tried desperately to think of something important to say.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. BOULDIN

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Take my hand

Sometimes only a child's unclouded eyes can find the way when people are lost on paths of loneliness

by HUGH B. CAVE

JOEY stood by the open bulkhead in the yard, watching a movement in the mint bed against the gray foundation of the house. The sandpaper sound of his mother's slippers reached him from the kitchen window. A cupboard door squeaked. Water splashed in the sink.

Joey held his lower lip between his teeth and wished he could be sitting on the red kitchen stool, watching his mother at her morning tasks. Fishing was no fun. Not alone. Not even with the brand new twelve-dollar fly rod his father had given him last month on his eighth birthday.

A plump brown toad emerged from the mint bed and blinked its bulging eyes at him. Joey jabbed with the tip of his fishing rod. The toad leaped quivering along the wall, frantically seeking safety.

But there was no fun in poking the toad. There was just no fun in anything. There was only the misery of wondering where his father was and not knowing when he would come home again.

Joey had sometimes pitied other kids whose fathers never did things with them, like going fishing or playing catch or digging wild flowers down in the woods to plant in the garden. He had been sad for them without ever knowing quite how they felt. Now he knew.

Nothing you did was worth doing. You just did things to use up time.

With the rod under one arm he trudged across the back yard to the road, across the road to the field beyond, and down the field toward the curving line of alders at the edge of the pond. He kicked the buttercups and yellow wood sorrel as he went, beheading them one by one. He hurled a make-believe stone at an inquisitive catbird to frighten it.

At the pond's edge he found a turtle, dry and dusty from plodding through the hot grass, and for a time he amused himself by shifting his feet to block its efforts to escape. Tiring of that, he walked out on the leaning limb of the old oak at the water's edge and sat down.

He did not understand why his father

had gone away. He was not even sure when his father and mother had started being unhappy. Perhaps it was the night his father had come home from the city very late, and his mother had been cross because supper was cold. Perhaps it had something to do with *why* his father had come home so late.

Joey knew only that after several days of terrible silence his father and mother had begun to speak to each other again—but as if they were strangers who had to be polite. And they had not talked about the usual things, like Mr. Graham's dog that had got run over, or what to do about the plaster coming loose in the front-hall closet, but about "arrangements" and "savings accounts" and a man named Mr. Verney who had an office in the city and would "attend" to things.

Always, too, they talked in difficult grown-up words, to make certain he would not understand... as if they were playing catch and throwing the ball too high for him to reach.

In a few days they had used up all the difficult words. Then the silence had come back more terrible than before, until his father took a suitcase to work one morning and did not come back.

That ended it. That ended everything. "Your father has gone on a trip, Joey," his mother said. That was what he must tell the neighbors if they asked him. And, smiling, she added, "We'll have to get along without him, darling, maybe for a long while. But we can do it, can't we?"

Her smile was no real smile; Joey knew that. Sometimes at night he heard his mother crying in her room with the door shut. Sometimes he saw her standing at the window, looking at the top of the hill where the road went out of sight. He was not sure what her crying meant. He was not sure of anything any more. But there was no more fun in being Joey Stillson.

There was no fun now in lying on the oak limb looking down at the water. But he could think of nothing else to do, nothing else at all.

He lay on his stomach, watching the fish. There were lots of fish; you could always see them here. A school of pumpkin seeds swam through a sunlit passage between the straight green stems of the pond lilies, and the bright spots on their gills flashed like the bits of colored glass in his kaleidoscope. He dropped a piece of bark on them and the fish fled in formation.

A pair of small bass glided by, and the stripes on their shining sides were like railroad tracks, weaving and twisting through the weeds. They hurried when he frightened them. But they stayed together, and they were together when he lost sight of them.

A yellow perch swam slowly under him, poking its nose against the pickerelweed stems as if it were lonely and looking for some other fish to play with. Joey held a piece of bark over it but changed his mind. He made a spear of his fishing rod and lay still, aiming it, and when the sun glittered on the yellow scales of the lonely perch he jabbed downward with the rod tip.

The fish leaped from the pond in wild fright, scurrying along the top of the water like a small motorboat before it plunged again and vanished.

From the bank a mocking voice spoke his name. "Lookut Joey Stillson!"

Joey stood up and squinted through the screen of oak leaves at two boys standing on the grassy bank. They were kids he went to school with, Edwin Brown and William Ciantis, and they must have been there some time, watching him.

"Look-ut Jo-ey Still-son, fish-in' by him-self!" William sang, making up a tune that climbed and dived like a seesaw.

"I'm not either fishin'!" Joey retorted.



"I suppose you've got flies named William and Joey and Edwin"

"Then what's the fishin' pole for?"

Joey could think of no adequate answer to that and wished the two boys would go away. He could not make them go away. The pond was not his. But he and his father came to this spot all the time, and so, in a sense, it was wrong for anyone else to come here. He walked along the leaning limb to the bank and demanded angrily. "What do you want?"

"Hey, look!" William said. "That's a brand new fishin' rod!"

Joey held it behind him. "It's mine. My father gave it to me."

"Let's look."

"No!"

"Come on, your father won't care. He isn't coming back anyway—my dad said so." William's hand, darting forward, clutched the rod and held on.

The struggle lasted only a moment. Joey did not care about the rod; he clung to it only because William and Edwin would think him a coward if he did not. When it was wrenched from his grasp he regained his balance and fought his tears instead, for, if the tears came, they would call him a crybaby and jeer at him.

"My father is so coming back!" he sobbed.

But they had forgotten his father and were intent on the mysteries of the fishing rod. Kneeling in the grass at the pond's edge, William slid the line through his hands and examined the feather-clad hook at the leader's end. "What's this for?" he asked.

"It's a fly."

"A fly? What's that? Where do you put the worm?"

It was incredible to Joey that anyone could be so ignorant. He kept his distance. But they were not making fun of him.

"Fishes eat flies," Joey said. "Some kinds do, anyway. So you fish with flies instead of worms and it's more fun."

"Where do you get the flies?" William demanded.

"You buy them or make them. My father makes them. He showed me how. I made this one all by myself. It's a Gordon."

"What's a Gordon?"

"That's the name of it."

"Go on," Edwin said. "I suppose you've got flies named William and Joey and Edwin."

That was a funny thing to say. Joey laughed, and so did the others. Then he explained how flies were named for people who invented them, or lakes and streams where they were used, or insects they were supposed to look like. He knew about flies from his father and told William and Edwin all that he could remember. They were interested.

"I'll show you," Joey said, and took the rod from William and walked a little way out on the oak. They watched in silence as he cast the fly out among the lily-pads. When a pumpkin seed struck at the fly and got hooked, they yelled with delight.

Joey and William and Edwin took turns using the rod then, and all caught fish. Edwin even caught a bass that was big enough to keep. But at last the fly came unraveled from being chewed so much, and the fish stopped hitting at it.

"Gee!" said William breathlessly. "Can we make some more this afternoon at your house, Joey? Will you show us how?"

"We could invent a fly and give it a secret name," Edwin said. "Like—like 'The Musketeer.' There were three Musketeers. Can we, Joey?"

"Why—yes," Joey said. "I think so."

When William and Edwin left him, promising to return after dinner to tie flies, Joey sat on the bank and gazed at the water. He did not want to go home yet. He was not sure what had happened to him, but it was a good thing and he had to think about it before leaving the

security of the pond. If he took his new feeling home with him too eagerly, the look in his mother's eyes, so sad lately, might make him want to let go of it.

He had to wait until the feeling had worked itself deep down inside him to some safe, secret place, where he could get it again when he needed it. He sat and watched the water. He watched the damsel flies darting like colored shafts of lightning among the lily pads. He was thinking very hard about his new feeling when he heard a step behind him.

He turned and saw his father.

"Hello, son," his father said very quietly. "I thought I'd find you here."

Joey did not get up. He just stared. He stared until his eyes began to hurt and the warm new feeling inside him was so big that his chest hurt too. With his legs squeezed under him he sat and stared and tried desperately to think of something important to say that would show how he felt. But there weren't words for such a moment.

He said, "Gee! Gee-weepers!" and that was all.

That was all because he saw then the look of loneliness on his father's face and knew all at once how his father felt. It was the way you felt when nothing you did was worth doing, nothing mattered; you just did things to use up the time.

"The kids said you—were you weren't coming back," Joey blurted. And that was not the right thing to say at all, but it came into his head and he had to say something to change that look. He was silent then while his father sat down beside him.

"I am back," his father said, staring at the water. "At least, I'm back this far." He found a twig and threw it into the water and stared at that.

"And—are you going away again?" Joey asked faintly.

His father did not answer.

Joey knew why the man was silent. He knew, too, what he had to do. It was a big thing and he was only eight, but who else was there to do it? When you began to believe that nothing in the world was fun any more, you had to have someone show you.

He finished his thinking and stood up. "You have to come home," he said gravely. "You have to show William and Edwin how to make flies this afternoon, and you have to come home because mother cries at night when I'm not supposed to be listening." He thrust the fishing rod into his father's hand. "You carry this," he ordered.

Then he turned his back and, with long straight strides to match his new responsibility, began walking up the field toward home.

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Security for Jack and Jill

This month Jack and Jill go up the hill to fetch some education. What kind will they get? Their future depends on the answer to that question

by HELEN M. McCADDEN

SEPTEMBER now, and Jack and Jill are going up the hill to fetch some education. Millions of Jacks and Jills, all over the land: not only our own, in the parish schools, but the children of our neighbors, in the public schools which we support with our taxes—the children with whom our own must live and work and one day help to shape the destiny of America and of the world.

What Jack and Jill will fetch home from the hill, and in what condition they will return, is of vital importance to all of us. Will they come back steady on their feet, upright, having added to their possessions something of knowledge and something of understanding? Or will they emerge from the institution of learning so giddy that Jack will stumble down and break his crown, and Jill come tumbling after?

If the school is a good school, it will give to Jack and Jill, to keep them from an untoward, head-splitting descent down hill, a well-balanced measure of

security. If they have that, no root nor vine nor treacherous stone on the way will cause them to fall.

Security! Security! A word much loved and much bandied about today by psychiatrists, psychologists, economists and sophists. Like "democracy," security has come to mean many things to many people; so much so that we would not use it here if we had a substitute. Yet we cannot escape—for the most important and nowadays the most frequently neglected element in the education of Jack and Jill is *security*.

A type of security much heard of today is *emotional security*. Child psychologists and guidance experts make much of this, tracing unfavorable behavior patterns to early-life emotional disturbances or to conflicts in the home. For such troubles the school of today can sometimes offer diagnosis and, less frequently, the aid of social service agencies; but at best this is only the remedial or negative side of the picture.

At home the child must be expected to make adjustments without being marred, and the guidance people must not exhibit an oversolicitude they would make haste to condemn in parents. On the positive side, the school can best contribute to the emotional security of Jack and Jill by not stirring up conflicts with their home training in the name of an aimless "progressiveness," and by giving them a pair of sturdy boots in which to stand—by giving them *Security in Skill and Knowledge* and *Security in Morals*.

This is the security of the youth who undertakes a job coolly and does it well because he is sure of his training in facts and methods. It is the security of the English lads who, we are told, bided their lonesome hours in World War II by repeating poems and verses of Scripture; it is the security of the American youth, delayed three years from following his career by an Occupation Army assignment in Korea, who wrote, "I pray that I shall have the

character to rise above my environment." It is the security within themselves which will enable Jack and Jill to face life surely and nobly and in the end to save their souls, come peace and prosperity or devastating atomic warfare.

This security must begin with the elements of learning. Widely renowned experiments sponsored by some of the teachers' colleges have tried to prove that children learn to read and to cipher and to spell more readily, and with greater economy of effort, by absorption. Absorption means the incidental acquisition of necessary skills through interesting activities.

In areas where the findings of these experiments have been widely applied, the results do not seem to bear out their validity. There is one important factor which the investigators had overlooked entirely—we may call it (for, overlooking it, they gave it no name) *Security in Knowledge*.

Children taught under the new methods do not know what they know: they may be spelling or multiplying correctly, but if they are, it is from habit, not from awareness. In reading they go by "recognition" and suggestion, rather than by phonetics and conscious comprehension; and if the suggestion is wrong—so what? Their mistakes, also, are habit, and therefore not distinguishable from correct performance.

To hide their uneasiness and embarrassment at their own insecurity, the children often assume a lack of respect for accuracy and positiveness. Modern teachers generally find this attitude a terrific obstacle to accomplishment on their part.

"I'm just naturally a poor speller," says Jack, blaming, like Miniver Cheevy, his lack of effort on fate, and letting it go at that.

"What difference does a mere comma make?" remarks Jill in scorn, not admitting that the despised little mark may make the difference between clear and distorted communication.

"That new word looks something like 'wishing.' I guess it must be 'wishing,'" says Jill's small sister, who has learned to read by the popular method of inspection and has not the tools of phonetic knowledge to help her handle new words. "At least," she concludes, "it's 'wishing' to me!"

"That paragraph," says Jack's big brother, "is quite obscure. The teacher may think it means something else; but to me it means the thoughts suggested by the opening phrase. And my opinion of the meaning is as good as the teacher's. After all, she's just a human being, like me."

Thus, in our modern day "model" schools, Jack and Jill may acquire assurance—they are always right, even



Object Matrimony

► A spinster lady on one of those radio quiz programs, after taking quite a kidding from the master of ceremonies, made the most of her chance to prove her sporting blood and put him in his place at the same time.

"And which would you prefer in a man," he asked her, "wealth or appearance?"

"Appearance," was the quick reply. "And the sooner the better!"

—James C. G. Conniff

when they are in error; but under their brave front is the insecurity of knowing they are building on quicksand. When they want to write a flawless letter, they don't know how; when their understanding of a candidate's platform hinges on perceiving a fine shade of meaning, they are easily misled. Nearly half the entering students in some of the urban high schools are—because they are several years substandard—programmed for remedial reading and remedial arithmetic; in one school there is regularly 60 per cent failure in a simple arithmetic fundamentals test given to eleventh graders.

Jack and Jill may someday wave a high school diploma; but if they have not learned anything but "democratic attitudes," and a friendly self-assertion, they will not have what democracy needs so much—*security of knowledge*.

If the child has foundation skills, a knowledge of and respect for facts, and an ability to interpret them logically and to build with them, he will then glory in a sense of stability, of security, which has been denied to many a Jack and Jill, drifting through life on personality alone.

Even more important than security of knowledge to Jack and Jill, as they emerge from the house of education, is *security of standards*. Will the children have sound rules for judgment and for conduct when the schools have finished with them? Will they know falsehood from truth, wrong from right, genuineness from hypocrisy, virtue from sin?

Will they, even, believe in righteousness and in the reality of sin? Will they believe in the soul and the supreme importance of their so living that it may live? Or will their school have made them, with conscious design, scoffers and skeptics and opportunists so that, at the first loose stone in the path, they will tumble and fall down hill?

It is sad and surprising that many public educators today, on all levels of the teaching ladder, undertake, in the name of promoting growth, to shake the *intellectual and religious security* of the young without pointing the way to any advanced firm ground. Their psychologists tell them that a difference in principles between a child's parents may cause it to feel insecure; yet they would consider themselves unprogressive, backward, if their theories and methods of handling children were kept merely on the advance line of those held by home and community. There, it seems, the insecurity brought about by division among the authorities is not considered harmful.

That there is much change in the world, no one in this chaotic age will deny. That there is also much stability, and should be more, many people have forgotten.

No one seems yet to have found proof that human nature has essentially changed nor the needs of man become basically other than they have been, even though the materials for satisfying wants take on new forms. In the time of Adam, man needed woman for completeness of living, and he needed spiritual strength for rightness of living. When Adam lacked strength of character to resist evil, he brought suffering and death. Man and the laws that govern his being have been remarkably static since the days of our first progenitor.

But many of the teachers of Jack and Jill have become enamored of change. Lacking a stable, concrete frame of reference, they freely and often mistakenly call this change progress. Isn't unrest the most obtrusive characteristic, and therefore the keynote, of our time?

Customs have altered—we can now communicate through a telephone instead of beating a drum—so these teachers assume that everything has changed, will keep on changing, that there is no truth, that all values are relative, that absolutes are fictions of the moldy-minded. And these conclusions they pass on to Jack and Jill, thinking to make them "mature" but really making them so unsettled that they will find it hard

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ever to strike roots and grow like a tree set in deep, rich soil.

If Jack and Jill's teachers fail to make them realize that the world still needs and expects, and the laws of God and nature still demand, honesty and integrity and socially useful labor of them, if they fail to instill in the youngsters the will to virtue, along with an understanding of the necessity for it, then they are giving these unfortunate youth an altogether unrealistic education and there is no moral security for Jack and Jill.

And the serious lad who takes on faith the skepticism of his teachers? We might versify his plight thus:

He sees himself a captain bold
because

He bounds beyond the township's
bourgeois laws,
And lets his barque of life ride
giddily

Across a chartless and stormy sea.
Unknowing he, it's more dramatic
far

To steer a course, than toss where
no lanes are.

Too many molders of public opinion have dramatized and glamorized the violators of rules—Jesse James, Robin Hood, the French Revolutionists, the rebellious egoists Shelley and Byron. Jack and Jill may easily come to believe, not that the good die young, but that only the good deserve to die young for their stupidity. Cleverness, the ability to "put something over" on others, becomes a most laudable quality, while well-defined social and moral principles are looked upon, even by high-school freshmen, as childish.

We have, then, lost a sense of moral stability. Nay more, we condemn sound patterns of living. If Jack and Jill, in their maturity, are to have full and useful lives and gain their own salvation, they must accept the fundamentals of our Christian tradition. The central position of the Church, the inviolability of marriage, the sanctity of the home, the need for society, the function of the state as the individual's servant rather than his master—if these and similar essentials are not taught to Jack and Jill as a basis for living, then much of Jack's and Jill's years will be wasted trying to find, by trial and error, the security of a valid philosophy.

These matters, while not so tangible as the results of a scientific experiment, can be just as positive; and if Jack and Jill get the idea, at school, that all patterns for living are shackles, and that they must decide every issue for themselves without benefit of principles, then they are going to toss about very uncertainly on the voyage of life.

This brings us, finally, to the most vital security—the security of a belief in

and a knowledge of God. It has been quite the fashion, in this generation, to pooh-pooh God as a kind of folklore character—or even, in some public education circles, to exclude Him by stern design as an enemy of progress and of democracy. It takes on the aspect of a mission with some "friends of public education" to shut out, not only religion, but God Himself, from the tax-supported schools.

The Supreme Court, it is to be feared, has given an unintentional nod to these enemies of God in the schools. Yet where, we may ask, would the sanctions of the law be, which the Court stands to interpret, were it not for the fundamentally religious concept of life on which our institutions rest? The answer is obvious. Without the security of the Judaeo-Christian principles, our laws and their defenders would be foundering hopelessly in a sea of confusion—just as education does, when it denies truth and the importance of trying to conform to the will of God; and just as Jack and Jill do, if they are taught to disbelieve in an order extraneous to man.

Religion, the right ordering of life! The very schools that seek to shut God out admit the need for Him by seeking a substitute—a deity, almost, under an-

► After all is said and done, more
is said than done.

—Anon.

other name. Lacking the integrating force which the knowledge of God and His works provides, they have scuttled about in search of some other touchstone of integration, some core around which to base the curriculum. "Teach the whole child" has become the slogan of those who shut their eyes tightest to the spiritual, and even the intellectual, faculties of the child.

In some schools, science has been rung in as the unifying factor; in others, the "American scene;" and in others, to which much publicity has been attached, the curriculum binder has been "democratic living." We have only to enumerate the shifting meanings of the word "democracy" to realize how evasive a core this last has proven.

Many conscientious secular school teachers have become dupes for the Communist line because it seemed to take the place left vacant in the school systems by the exiling of religion—it seemed to offer unity of purpose, ideals (however mistaken) to motivate action, and a consistent philosophy. The famed Harvard Report of a few years back admitted that, except in the parochial systems, there had been but scat-

tered success in integrating education for Jack and Jill.

How, we ask, could the phenomena of existence be explained to the inquiring minds of Jack and Jill except in terms of a Creator? How, unless they be described as a casual occurrence, a Great Accident? But if even Creation be looked upon as an act of chance, a movement of blind fate, what sense of security then remains? To avoid the dilemma, Jack and Jill are generally told, by those unwilling to deny God altogether, that matters of such vital import are eclectic—taboo in the realms of public education. And the hole is left gaping.

The findings of science, all attesting to an amazing, infallible order waiting to be discovered in infinitesimal stages—how can they be explained except in terms of the Mind that is God? Unless, indeed, they just happened that way, which would be rather uncanny and would violate the scientific laws of cause and effect. Yet the dictum that "religion is the enemy of science" finds its way into public school syllabi and is latent in many a science text.

And brotherhood, and justice, and service, and sincerity, and learning itself—can they exist, except as ephemeral phenomena, if there is no great, just Spirit in whose image the soul of man is cast? The love of one's neighbor because of the common fatherhood of God came in with Christ; apart from Him, it tends to become the mouthing of a phrase. "Every one of us has got to look out for his own interests first" is a typical child comment in a Godless school. Lord pity, in such a society, the more scrupulous!

Poor Jack and Jill! In a school from which God has been banished, their knowledge and mode of life and ideas can have no fixed center, no rooted frame of reference, but must exist in a maelstrom, bobbing about on the surface of uncertainty like fragments from a shattered hull. And the youngsters, clinging now to one splinter of drift, now to another, having neither firm land to tread nor a seaworthy raft to climb—what chance of a purposeful, well-directed journey, what hope of spiritual security in the long experience of living, have they been gaining in the schools we taxpayers and citizens provide?

Jack and Jill are our children; they are our neighbors' children. Someday they will hold in their hands the fate of our country. It concerns us deeply that, when they emerge from the school on the hill where they have gone to fetch some education, they shall have the security of sound knowledge, sound character, sound principles, to keep them from breaking their lives.



►Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan Ridder, featured on this page, is a former school teacher in the densely populated Puerto Rican section of New York City. As a teacher, she became intimately aware of the problems of the children. Her faith and zeal prompted her to help them. She started a settlement house which she called "Casita Maria," or "Little House of Mary." The first house was really only a five-room flat, but the children responded so enthusiastically that she had to look for a larger place. To help her in the work, she founded the Elizabeth Seton League, a group who work for the welfare of Puerto Ricans. Two years last May, Mrs. Ridder and her friends had the happiness of opening the new Casita Maria shown below. It is fully equipped for the educational and recreational benefits of the children and adults.

The Casita has an enrollment of 638 boys, 469 girls, and 150 adults. Sixty-five volunteers help in the work. The founder and guiding spirit of this great social venture is Mrs. Ridder, who with vision and tireless energy has worked so hard for the betterment of the children from America's "forty-ninth state."



Mrs. Ridder introduces one of the children to Cardinal Spellman at First Communion. Bishop McCarty looks on.

The new Casita Maria. A monument to the work of Mrs. Ridder and the Elizabeth Seton League.

PEOPLE

THE SIGN

PEOPLE

► Thomas H. Mahoney is a prominent Boston lawyer who, besides pursuing his busy profession, gives of his talents and time to the cause of peace. He is the president of the Catholic Association for International Peace, an organization that counts among its members some of the more outstanding leaders among the clergy and laity. In 1945, he was sent to San Francisco by the State Department as one of the delegates to the Peace Conference. Later, he gave a series of talks on the subject of war and peace on the Catholic Hour.

Mr. Mahoney's work for peace is not confined to the international scene but is also directed toward his own community. He is a member of the Fair Employment Practices Commission in Boston and also chairman of the Greater Boston Community Relations. The work of these agencies, he claims, has helped to make Boston one of the best cities in the country as far as freedom from racial and religious tension is concerned.

He is an instructor in international law and world organization at Northeastern University, and is a member of numerous other committees. In brief, he is a leader among the Catholic laity who have gone into the marketplace armed with faith and anxious to apply it to the problems of the day.



Mr. Thomas H. Mahoney, Prominent Catholic leader, is busy at work for the cause of peace both in the international sphere and in his own community.

THE Cardinal Primate of Spain, Cardinal Pla y Daniel, is a Catalonian, small, smiling, genial, and about as far removed from one's picture of a great Spanish ecclesiastic as one could imagine. When I went to see him in Madrid, we talked for nearly two hours—two hours devoted to two points. The first was the nature of the Civil War; the second was the relation between Church and state in Spain today.

During the war, the Cardinal was Bishop of Salamanca in the Nationalist zone, and it was in terms of the difference between his old diocese and his present one of Toledo (which, save for the Alcazar, was in Red hands) that he understood the war. To this day the Toledo archdiocese possesses but half its complement of priests. For half were murdered. And though the seminaries are full again, it takes many years to train a new priest.

On the very spot, and with the Cardinal Primate telling you, such records of horror take on a very different air. Notional assent disappears and real assent takes its place. Eleven bishops, over ten thousand priests, and no one knows how many laymen and women were the innocent victims of Communist and Masonic hatred of Spain's Catholicity. Yet only yesterday I read in a respectable British weekly, the *New Statesman*, that "if some priests and nuns were killed (a regrettable fact)" . . . this "persecution was product of a revolt started by the very forces (Franco) to whom the Church gave every form of encouragement and incitement." How can such things be written without malice?

Happily the Church is likely one day to proclaim to the world the martyrdom of many of these victims, for the Cardinal described to me the beginnings of the processes of beatification now under way. Laymen, however, are not likely to figure in any numbers of these lists, for in a political condition such as the one then obtaining, it is not easy to distinguish the motives for resistance. Was it for God, for the Church, for the country, for a party? Where there is any semblance of doubt, the Church will give no benefit of doubt. But, as the Cardinal told me, the vast majority of the murdered priests had taken no part in politics, save loyally to uphold the established regime, whether monarchy or republic, and were killed for no better reason than that they were God's priests.

"We are no political bishops" was a refrain running through the Cardinal's conversation. Indeed, no one could have looked less like a political bishop. I saw him rather as a curé of the south of France. Apologetically he would oc-

The Church In Spain

Spain is not perfect.

There is a mixture of good and evil — with more good and less evil than we Americans are led to believe

by

MICHAEL de la BEDOYERE



Religious News Photo

Enrique Cardinal Pla y Daniel

asionally break away from his account of the Church's work in Spain to tell me, for example, that during the late war he had feared the victory of either side; but an Axis victory he had feared even more than an Allied one. In an Allied victory he saw the danger of an aggressive Communism; but in an Axis victory he saw the more immediate danger to Spain of an anti-Christian, Naziist suzerainty.

Then for a moment the conversation would change to the absurdity of contemporary rumors and propaganda, such, for example, as the rumor that Spain was manufacturing atomic weapons because a journalist had seen an inn with the sign "The Atomic Bomb"! Then the Cardinal would smile, interrupt himself, and tell me that politics anyway was none of his business. At the end of the audience, he gave me an autographed copy of some of his pastoral letters as chapter and verse for his defense of the Spanish Church before, during, and after the Civil and World wars.

One of the special objects of my visit to Spain was to have the privilege of the personal acquaintance of Dr. Angel Herrera, recently made Bishop of "Red" Malaga.

Dr. Herrera is in many ways a unique bishop. Only thirteen years ago he was the middle-aged Director and Editor of Madrid's great daily, *El Debate*, the organ of the Catholic party under the Republic. In the eyes of many, this lay journalist was the real brains behind the party and was the person who guided the political leader, Gil Robles. Shortly before the Civil War, he resigned in order to become a priest. After a shortened course of studies, since he was already a doctor of philosophy, he was ordained. Two years ago, to everyone's astonishment, Dr. Herrera was appointed by the Pope Bishop of Malaga. He was over sixty.

BEFORE I saw the Bishop I visited his dominating Renaissance cathedral, only one tower of which has ever been completed. I was taken to the chapel dedicated to the memory of the two thousand faithful slaughtered by the Reds, the faithful whose collected bones lie under the altar. It appears that every single priest unable to make good his escape was killed.

It was here I asked the obvious question: "How is it that this same Spain, today filled with good Catholics, then rose up to destroy its clergy and drive the Church from the country?"



*Most Rev. Angel Herrera, Bishop of Malaga,
distributes food at a party for poor children*

The answer was a long story of generations of secularist corruption seeping into the country from France and the rest of Europe and preparing the way for the message that the Church and the priests were responsible for the country's ills. So far from the Church's having interfered with politics, I was told, the sounder accusation would have been that the priests were too disinterested in the ravages of secularist corruption, being content to remain passive and offer their ministry to those who still asked for it. So far from being too rich after the many despoliations, most were too poor to do their proper work. The natural and deep faith of the Spaniards of old was turned sour, and the intensity of feeling which had once made such faith possible, and makes it possible today, was converted to the service of the Devil.

That first evening in Malaga I went to see the Bishop. I was surprised to see him looking so old and so very episcopal. No one could possibly have guessed that he had spent most of his life as a lay journalist at the very center of political events. Indeed, the only evidence of his having been a journalist was his cautionary word at the beginning that our conversation must be "off the

record"! This command I must respect, but what Dr. Herrera had to say to me made so strong an impression on my mind that his views have greatly influenced my whole judgment on Spain. The friend of Gil Robles in exile; the friend of Martin Artajo, present Foreign Minister; the friend of Martin Sanchez, Director of the best Spanish review, *Criterio*; unofficial ambassador to Don Juan: it is evident that the person who today has no direct interest except the faithful guarding of his flock is a man whose every word is of vital importance.

DR. HERRERA could try to hide his views, but he cannot keep his work hidden, since I heard of this, not from him, but from others. A magnificent palace, largely rebuilt since the Civil War, that stands near the cathedral, goes with the ancient see. That palace is today largely given over to the work of the diocese, the Bishop himself retaining only the minimum which his position demands. One large section of it houses his most novel work, the creation of the Social Study College for Priests. Dr. Herrera knows the modern world, as few other bishops perhaps know it, and he understands the tremendous apostolic importance of the

Church's relations with the working classes and the great blessings which Catholic social teaching has to confer on those classes, if it is taken seriously by clergy and by the faithful, both rich and poor.

For an effective social apostolate it is necessary to have socially trained priests, hence the importance which the Bishop attaches to the College where priests do a two-year course at Malaga and a year abroad, preferably the United States or Britain. Even this training is considered scarcely sufficient, but with the shortage of priests in southern Spain nothing more can be done. Indeed there are at present but eight priests from five dioceses at work. But this interesting initiative will grow. The College is a series of rooms in the palace overlooking one of those charming Spanish inner courts with the echo of Moorish days in the fountain in the center. The library is the excellent library of the Bishop when he was still a layman. With the vice-rector I played ping-pong—even recreation is not neglected.

Another of the Bishop's ideas is an association of employers for the practical realization of the Papal social teaching, and remarkable results, I am told, have already come from this. The

catechizing of the faithful by trained catechists is yet another of Dr. Herrera's priorities. And last, but by no means least, are the sermons. The Bishop himself preaches every Sunday in his own cathedral to immense congregations, and his social priests cover the diocese with special social sermons on Sundays. There can be little doubt that "Red" Malaga, to this day one of the places where there is the smallest percentage of practicing Catholics, probably under 40 per cent, is to be a Malaga of the bad past. Already the change is being felt, and it will steadily accelerate under a holy, broad-minded, and modern pastor whom the clergy and people of Malaga already adore.

In my travels through Spain I could not help noting the faith of the people. Another point I noted was the assiduity of the Spanish clergy in the confessional. Rarely in my visit to Spain did I enter a church without seeing a priest in a confessional, and this is not due to any superfluity of priests.

Of Catholic activities, I should mention the nationwide and most effective organization of Catholic Action with its intensive two-year evening courses in doctrine and sociology for would-be leaders which I saw in session. These courses carry university credits. Even more impressive is the Catholic activity in university circles. The Church has founded a number of excellently appointed hostels—one of the finest of which is entirely for refugees from Eastern Europe—where students live for a moderate fee. Each has a chaplain, and, of course, a beautiful little chapel, as indeed have the buildings of the various faculties, despite the fact that these are nominally secular.

A very powerful movement, hard at work in university circles, is the *Opus Dei*. I took a great deal of trouble to study this novel work since it has been sharply criticized in the British press as an underground Franco political agency. In fact it is a new religious order for the laity, and the Pope's recent constitution for lay religious orders was published in order to fit the *Opus Dei*.

Laymen, who must be unmarried, take the three vows and work within the world for the apostolate of the intelligentsia. "Catch them like fishes by the head," is one of their maxims. Another is: "The Jews converted the temples into houses of commerce; we have to change houses of commerce into temples."

The fact that little or nothing is published about the Order (for that is what it is) and that each member keeps his membership a secret from his fellow men inevitably gives the movement something of the air of a secret society. The number of members is unobtain-

able, but someone said that they might number three hundred.

In conversation with a foreign student (an excellent Catholic) I derived the impression that while the *Opus Dei* was a fine and utterly unpolitical movement, it was something that could hardly find much favor outside the specialized and intense Catholic atmosphere of Spain. The curious mixing-up of full religious with full lay status he himself found repugnant. They had, he told me, tried to "get at" him in ways that he did not wholly approve, but he admitted that the moment he made it clear he was not interested, they left him alone and in no way altered their normal relations with him.

I was more impressed by the view of an eminent professor, himself a notable figure in Catholic Action, who confessed that he saw dangers in the movement. "Their intentions are of the best," he said, "but they are only human beings, and an organization working rather like a powerful secret society can too easily be abused by those who may look to it to gain material promotion rather than spiritual perfection."

I felt that the criticism which had appeared in the English press was not wholly inexcusable. An Order like that

might be got hold of for semipolitical ends, and in any case it was difficult to conceive of it outside a Latin country—indeed outside Spain. Meanwhile there is little doubt of the progress they are making in providing strong spiritual and doctrinal foundations to the best Spanish culture and science. One inevitably thinks of the post-Reformation work of the Jesuits, another Spanish Order which, however, proved highly exportable.

In Seville I met an Englishman and a Frenchman who provided useful checks on the information derived from my Spanish friends. The Frenchman talked much of Franco-Spanish relations, incidentally, and I remember he summarized this particular difficulty by saying that the average Frenchman thinks of Spain as a dark convent of the Inquisition, and the average Spaniard thinks of France as a great and shady night club.

There can be no doubt that Spain is an intensely Catholic country and that the Church is a tremendous force in the destiny of the country. Yet even for a Catholic Englishman it is not always easy to understand. I remember one long train ride returning to Madrid. I spent it thinking about many things—about that strange, puzzling Spanish character, so strong and earnest today in the Faith in the most devotional and austere sense of the word, as though nothing had happened to the world since the death of Philip II; about the freedom of speech I had encountered everywhere, allied with the conviction that while there was much to criticize in the regime, there could be no tolerable alternative to it; about the economic renewal of the land with the endless building that puzzled one's economic sense so much; about the introversion of the Spanish people, who read no foreign papers (unobtainable) or foreign books (also unobtainable), save for translations of novels; about their complete lack of interest in the foreigner and complete disinterestedness in trying to make money out of him; about the wholesale invasion of Hollywood movies, and how exactly that can be squared with the religious spirit of the people.

Of this much I am certain: it is stupid to hold up Spain as perfect; and it is equally stupid to refrain from giving even a portion of that sympathetic understanding we give to regimes and systems more alien by far to our own than is Spain's today.

(Editor's note: Next month "Judgment on Spain" will appear, the last of Mr. de la Bedoyere's three articles reporting his observations, conversations, and conclusions based on his recent trip to Spain.)



Taking No Chances

► A funeral was being held for the late nagging wife of a timid-looking fellow. As the coffin was carried from the house, one of the pall bearers stumbled and it bumped against a tree. A muffled moan was heard. Lifting the lid of the coffin, the undertaker discovered that the woman wasn't dead after all.

Years dragged by and the henpecking continued as before. Finally, the shrewish wife really died.

The husband watched warily as the coffin was carried from the house a second time. Then he addressed the pall bearers.

"Boys," he whispered, "watch that tree!"

—Quote



by ALOYSIUS Mc DONOUGH, C.P.

Bathing Beauties, et al.

Recently, an American bishop inveighed against bathing beauty contests and threatened with excommunication any Catholic girl who might participate. Does not this sanction seem severe in the extreme?—E. B., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

The threatened sanction is indeed severe, according to the realization of any normal Catholic. But from the same viewpoint, it cannot be regarded as excessively severe.

The psychological atmosphere of modern exhibitions of this sort is pagan and tends to foster immorality. Nowadays, there are so many vogues along similar lines that it is easy to drift with the tide and lose one's moral bearings. But any discerning Christian can detect the trend as exemplified in sex-appeal advertising and in many of the comics. The prevalence of any such vogue, its popularity, its being taken for granted are not norms for appraising its moral soundness.

The fundamental principle at issue is that, whether subtly or not so subtly, all such exhibitionism is an occasion of sin. In the case of pictorials, why are anatomical factors so emphasized, if not to arouse a corresponding interest? As for the so-called beauty contests, it is not a matter of scanty attire only: the attention of spectators is so focused as to make them inescapably sex conscious.

It cannot be contended that consistency demands a return to the bathing attire of 1900 A. D. or the abolition of all modern sport togs. But extremes can be outruled, such as the latest French importations. It is one thing to engage in sports while clad in decent though modern togs, and quite another to take part actively or passively in an exhibition that is bound to foster at least a moronic if not an immoral spirit. Not infrequently—what with tape measures and the like—beauty contests are conducted on the level of a dog show or of a live stock exhibit at a county fair. The incompatibility of that sort of thing with the dignity of a human being—not to mention the dignity of a Christian—should be patent.

Speaking of incompatibilities, we might mention also the questionable uniforms of majorettes, as sometimes featured in parochial bands. And the travesty of supposedly religious girls, wearing a Miraculous Medal as a necklace, but other-

wise so attired as to make Our Lady blush. To conclude—the stand taken by the bishop was sound and wholesome. To recognize its normality may require a re-examination of conscience and a dash of old-fashioned Christian courage.

The Raccolta

A diocesan paper advertises the "Raccolta"—a prayer-book, I presume. Is it for priests only or for the laity too? Does it, like most prayerbooks, carry the Ordinary of the Mass?—J. C., WATERTOWN, MASS.

"Raccolta" is an Italian word, meaning "a collection." The "Raccolta" is a collection within one volume of all prayers and devotions enriched with Papal indulgences, pertinent to all the faithful in general and to certain groups in particular. The *Raccolta* can be used very profitably as a prayerbook by anyone—priest, religious, or layman. However, many regard it rather as a reliable reference book, furnishing the official text of approved prayers, together with a notation as to attached indulgences.

The latest English translation, under the same title, the *Raccolta* was authorized by the Holy See in 1941, in response to a petition of Francis Cardinal Spellman. It is priced at \$3.85, and totals 599 pages of text. This thesaurus of indulged prayers—715 in all—is prefaced by excerpts from the Church's Canon Law concerning indulgences. The latter is of timely interest in view of some of the buncombe recently published in *Life* in connection with the alleged abuses that are supposed to have justified the Reformation, so-called.

Timely Repentance Never Futile

Is it possible for a man to save his soul if he has been responsible for the loss of another's soul? And if so sinful a man were to save his own soul, would he be really happy in heaven?—J. T., CALIFORNIA, PA.

The second question answers itself—the salvation of a human soul, heaven, and thorough happiness are factors that bespeak each other, necessarily. A passenger may travel steerage, but will arrive at his destination just the same. No matter how sinful a man's past may have been, honest-to-God repentance guarantees salvation—and heaven. The eleventh-hour reconciliation of the crucified thief exemplifies this guaranty. And heaven would not be what it is for the coheirs of Christ Triumphant, were it marred by remorse. Debts of contrition or/and penance that may be outstanding after bodily death are discharged in purgatory. Because of purgatory, heaven is eclipsed by no shadow of earthly unhappiness.

As for your initial inquiry: our divine Saviour is characterized by gentle, even merciful kindness. But when He inveighs against men whose guilt is that of sinful influence, His attitude is one of indictment and condemnation, echoed by stern tones and strong language. "It must needs be that scandals come, (that is to say, it is inevitable) but nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh."

No one of us lives a private life. We are daily on parade, with others in the reviewing stand, observing us. Whenever we act or leave things undone, we think out loud and thus manifest an attitude of mind and heart. Our example is influential—psychologically contagious. While no man can sin gravely and die unrepentant unless he himself be willing, nine times out of ten he would not agree to such sinfulness, would not decide upon it were it not for the bad example of someone else that made sin "come easy." Thus it is that the scandalous man shares the guilt of another sinful, perhaps lost soul. Even though only partial, his responsibility is none the less real and grave.

The unequivocal attitude of our Saviour toward sinful influence does indicate what His norm of judgment and

sanction would be, were the guilty soul *unrepentant*. However, no human guilt can exhaust or surpass divine mercy. "With the Lord there is mercy and plentiful redemption." A sin worse than that of scandal would be to doubt seriously the forgiving mercy of Our Lord toward a genuinely repentant soul. After all, some of the most admirable saints were far from edifying in their younger days. But they made amends and became such patterns of living example that many souls were encouraged to fidelity by imitating them.

Possession by Devils

Can a devil possess a person who is not in the state of mortal sin?—B. J., AURORA, ONTARIO.

It is not impossible that a person in the state of sanctifying grace become possessed by a devil if for reasons that appeal to His divine wisdom, God so permit. Diabolical possession is not as frequent as it was prior to the advent of Christ or even during the time of His mortal life upon earth. But this affliction is by no means outmoded. Our divine Saviour expelled devils from many souls and empowered His apostles and disciples to rout the "spirits of wickedness." Among the Minor Orders that are preliminary to the Major Orders of the Priesthood is that of the Exorcist, whereby the one so ordained is authorized by the Church to expel demons. The Roman Ritual contains the official prayers of the Church for such an emergency, as well as norms whereby real cases of possession can be discerned from cases that are apparent only.

If a person become possessed by the devil, it does not follow at all that the human soul has to any extent surrendered himself to diabolical sway. Unless there be a willing capitulation on the part of the human subject, it is rather a case of intrusion. The possessed person is not responsible for the outlandish or immoral things that are said or done. The responsible agent is the evil spirit, utilizing the human body somewhat in the way that a ventriloquist employs a dummy.

Realizing the relatively extraordinary things that can be accomplished or at least simulated by hypnotism and the like, it is not surprising that proportionately extraordinary things can be perpetrated by sinful spirits who surpass us human spirits in knowledge and skill. But by and large, our personal, practical concern as to diabolical possession can be reduced to a minimum. At the same time, we should have the "mind of the Church" and realize that the basic antagonism in our created universe is between God and "the devil and his angels." Unless we be hopelessly ignorant of sacred history, we know "for this purpose the Son of God appeared, that He might destroy the works of the devil." The official prayers of the Church are replete with references to the sinful spirits who are just as real as they are hostile toward us. Even though never possessed, we can be deprived of sanctifying grace by allowing satanic allurements to deceive and dominate us.

American Ghosts

The enclosed "Reader's Digest" article has occasioned a discussion as to whether it is permissible for a Catholic to believe in ghosts. I maintain that departed souls can appear after death to seek prayers, etc. Is this opinion, as some contend, incompatible with my Catholic faith?—L. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is not incompatible with Catholic faith to maintain that departed souls can manifest their presence here on earth, provided we premise our contention with a fundamental proviso. That proviso is God's permission. As regards presence and activity, no spirit—whether angelic or human, whether good or bad—can act independently of God.

Despite the caption of the enclosed article, Britain has no monopoly on alleged ghosts. In the U. S. A., we might start

with Brooklyn, N. Y. However, any alleged presence and activity of human spirits or departed souls calls for calm observation and foolproof judgment. Why is it that so-called ghosts operate only under cover of darkness? It is embarrassing to realize how easily one's imagination can misinterpret noises and how subject we are to ocular illusion. But come what may, each of us has an angel spirit assigned by God for our protection.

Passionist Lay Brother

What are the requirements to become a lay brother among the Passionists? Kindly explain his duties, etc.—G. P. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.

For complete information, write for booklet. Address: Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P., 1901 West St., Union City, N. J., or 5700 N. Harlem Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Catholic "Inconsistency"

In asking the following questions, I have in mind certain reported discriminations against Protestants in Italy on the part of the government. Since we Catholics claim the right to propagandize among non-Catholics and believe that every man has the right to his religious convictions, how can we logically deny that right to non-Catholics?—H. B., GENEVA, OHIO

We do believe that every man has a right to his religious convictions, and we do not deny that right to non-Catholics. We assume, of course, that a man's convictions are based upon his conscientious enlightenment at any given time. We so insist upon religious freedom as to say that it would be sinful for a non-Catholic to become a Catholic unless he were convinced as to the Church's unique position as the only true Church.

As for the inconsistency implied by your question, we cannot emphasize too much the Catholic Church's *unique* position as the only true Church, and her conviction as to that position. No non-Catholic Christian sect enjoys that distinctive position, nor does any sect dare make that boast. Therefore, no non-Catholic Christian sect can object *logically* to Catholic propaganda. Logically, we can and do object to non-Catholic propaganda within Catholic circles.

A Catholic nation is one wherein a large majority of the people are members of the Catholic Church and wherein the constitution and laws reflect the Catholic conscience. At the present day, there is no Catholic government in the world that hampers the free exercise of a non-Catholic's religion—be the non-Catholic a Christian or not. But, logically, a Catholic government cannot be indifferent to propaganda that tends to corrupt Catholic faith or morals. True—the competence and sphere of the civil government is to be estimated according to its purpose or end. That end is the promotion of temporal welfare. However, as St. Thomas Aquinas has it, that welfare is to be fostered in such a way that there be no conflict with, and that all things be conducive to, the attainment of the ultimate purpose of life—eternal, supernatural welfare.

If you yourself had loose ideas concerning divorce and remarriage, you might not object to a divorcé courting your married daughter. But your conscience being normal, you would object—and with very little patience for the radically different conscience of the suitor! To the point—a Catholic government, with an official, public Catholic conscience cannot permit anyone to tamper with the most precious heritage the nation has—its Catholic faith and morals. For there is no such thing as a valid reason for a Catholic to secede from his Church and transfer his allegiance to another. (For further comment, kindly send non-Catholic clipping from which you quote.)

Perennial First Lady

by JERRY COTTER

For years Ethel Barrymore has reigned as first lady of the drama. She is still looking forward to new triumphs

COME radio, motion pictures, or television, the woman who is a living legend in the acting world continues her unruffled reign as the acknowledged first lady of the drama. Since 1901 Ethel Barrymore's name has been on marquees here and abroad. In recent years it has also become a guarantee of at least one scintillating performance in those movies in which she appears.

There was a time when Miss Barrymore brushed off the idea of a screen career with imperious impatience. But now, at sixty-nine, she finds California life far less strenuous than one-night stands on the road or long Broadway runs.

"For supporting whom?" was the first startled reaction to the news that she had been nominated for an Academy Award as one of the best "supporting" actresses of the year. It is perhaps the most biting commentary of the moment on the Hollywood method that a star of her stature should be relegated to a second-best list. Producers are paying her handsome sums for movie appearances these days yet consistently fail to give her roles even partially commensurate with her ability. Should she ever

succeed in finding a part of substance and dimension, those whom she now "supports" will get the acting lesson of their lives.

With a round dozen or more competitors casting covetous eyes on the title, there remains little doubt that Miss Barrymore, after fifty-four years of acting achievement, retains her lead at the head of the professional procession. Should she ever decide to retire and settle down to political discussions, baseball games, boxing bouts, and her family, then the scramble by Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne *et al*, for possession of the crown would be on. But it remains with Ethel for as long as she chooses to keep active before footlights, camera, and microphone.

Anecdotes about the Barrymores, their

eccentricities, foibles, and escapades are legion. Sometimes they have been distorted. Publicity agents' dreams are usually more surrealistic than factual, but their blurbs made good newspaper copy back in the days when readers were more star-minded than they are now. Though part of the so-called "Royal Family of Broadway," Ethel has never been one of its eccentrics. Her private life has been circumspect and publicity confined to stories about her work, rather than offstage activities.

Back in the early 1930's when sound was being added to the movies, Ethel agreed to take a sabbatical from the legitimate theater to appear with brothers Lionel and John in what turned out to be a ponderous and floundering version of *Rasputin*. "It was," she explains, "the only way that Jack, Lionel,



Ethel Barrymore, perennial first lady of the theater

and I could get together to talk over old times." To this day she hasn't seen that movie. Those who have can tell her she didn't miss a thing.

Concerning that stay in Hollywood, Gene Fowler relates one of the best Barrymore stories. At that time, sound-equipment was new and in the process of acquiring nicknames from the studio technicians. The huge unwieldy talkie camera had been christened "Grandma." One afternoon, just as Miss Barrymore was preparing to walk on the set, a prop man innocently asked his helper, "Is Grandma ready?" Ethel turned on him with a withering glare—"the kind," says Fowler, "that causes apples to fall from trees." The incident had Lionel and John guffawing for an hour.

The "old times" that Ethel journeyed to Hollywood to talk about with her brothers date back to the 1880's when they were children in Philadelphia. In those days, Ethel attended Notre Dame Convent and nursed secret ambitions to be a concert pianist. They were necessarily *sub rosa*, for all the members of her family were illustrious theatrical personages of the day and considered the stage a natural course for their children.

Mother, Georgianna Drew, father Maurice Barrymore, uncle John Drew and grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, had set high marks for the younger generation to duplicate. When Ethel made a Montreal debut in *The Rivals*, starring her grandmother, back in 1896, she little dreamed that she would one day outshine them all.

In the five decades that have followed, her successes have been many and varied. From the play which first put her name in lights, *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*, down to her recent stage triumphs in *The Corn is Green* and the memorable dramatization of Franz Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven* her performances have been striking. The impressive combination of regal bearing, throaty tones, and dramatic fire which is her distinctive trademark is balanced to a large degree by a twinkling eye and marked sense of humor.

THOUGH she is gracious to interview, there is a limit beyond which the conversation is never allowed to stray. Of the theater, baseball, and politics she has much to say and says it intelligently and interestingly. She can rapturize on the merits of Joe Louis, Brahms' music, the radio personality of her favorite announcer, Red Barber, or the witticisms of Alexander Woollcott, but feels quite strongly on the subject of private-life stories. She believes that her offstage activities should remain a matter of private concern.

Ethel married Russell Colt in 1905 and they had three children. The marriage did not last and they were divorced in a civil action some years later. A practicing and practical Catholic, she has never remarried.

All three children have tried the stage with only mild success to date. Her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt, had a brief fling at acting, but is now studying for opera. John Drew Colt and Samuel Barrymore Colt, her sons, also had fleeting careers behind the footlights, but, like many children of the famous, found other fields more to their liking.

In the Barrymore family there is a tradition calling for each member of the clan to send a bright red apple to the one opening in a new play or picture. The custom continues to this day, but no one has ever discovered whether the recipient must eat all the apples that night or permit them to wither majestically on a dressing-room table.

Since transferring her talents to the movie studios, Miss Barrymore has appeared in a variety of roles, a few of them offering her more than a minor challenge. In *None But the Lonely Heart*, as Cary Grant's mother, she had her best opportunity to date, and in *Night Song*, a part that many consider her least satisfactory. In the strange ways of movieville, she was nominated for an Academy Award because of the latter production—undoubtedly a sentimental gesture. All concerned breathed a sigh of relief when Celeste Holm received the supporting role accolade. It would have been an embarrassing moment for the theater's foremost dramatic actress to be honored for a movie characterization of such minor importance.

In addition to movies and the stage, Miss Barrymore has from time to time dabbled in radio dramatics. The first series, a condensation of her famous plays, was badly written and offered listeners little chance to enjoy her unique talent. The second foray into airwave acting came about four years ago when she starred in *Miss Hattie*, which did give her an opportunity to develop a real character and proved to be her most popular radio endeavor. Recently she has done a stirring job as narrator for Father Peyton's Easter and Mother's Day broadcasts. Her contributions to these inspiring programs lent added vividness and dramatic power.

Back in 1936 when things looked dull in the theater, then in the throes of a financial recession, Ethel announced that she would retire from the stage to coach promising young players. Although it was a laudable idea and she was quite serious about doing it, applause dies hard and before long she was back before the footlights in roles

like the matriarch in Mazo de la Roche's *Whiteoaks*; and the humble Czech cook in Werfel's play.

"I just couldn't stay away," is her explanation of the comeback. Her enthusiasm for the theater is matched only by her love of the road. Most stars hedge at the hardships of touring, but this grandmother in greasepaint likes nothing better than the chance to barnstorm up and down, across and back. Only the fact that she was not in the best of health prevented her from accepting the lead in a touring company of *The Glass Menagerie*, which was due to end its run in London. The one-night stand has been as important to her as the two-year Broadway run.

IN Pasadena when the scenery failed to arrive during her tour of *The Corn is Green*, Miss Barrymore asked the audience if they wanted to see the performance on a bare stage. Their applause was the answer. After the first five minutes "they didn't notice the difference," she smiles, "and neither did we." That audience gave the cast a better reception than they received when playing the Emlyn Williams drama in full regalia. It was a deserved tribute to the magnetism of the star's portrayal. She has the rare knack of carrying not only a cast but an entire audience right along with her no matter how slight or important the script. Some day Hollywood will learn that fact. To date it has made but feeble attempts to give her the opportunity. Enjoying life to its fullest, dividing her time now between a California home, a duplex apartment in Manhattan and the family's "real home" in Mamaroneck, New York, Ethel doesn't care to look back on past triumphs. She is more interested in what is ahead. She intends to keep on acting in the theater, on the screen, or for television cameras, whichever may be tomorrow's favorite medium. She greets each new assignment with enthusiasm and a determination to do the best job ever. Her favorite play is always the one in which she is currently appearing, with *The Corn is Green* still maintaining a slight edge. "I wouldn't want to live in a world that didn't appreciate that play," she says.

In one of her early plays she had the line: "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Her throaty contralto rendition made it stand out in the play, and it became her by-line for years. Even at this stage of her career, when most of her contemporaries are just a vague memory to the public and she has almost become a legend, Ethel Barrymore feels there is a lot more for her to accomplish. Those who know her are certain she will never stop experimenting.

Woman to Woman

By KATHERINE BURTON

A Practical Institution

THERE ARE THOSE who call the Catholic Church idealistic, implying, of course, that this means visionary. If one wished to contradict them by seeming agreement, one might say that the Church is even more. It is the Ideal. It is the Vision. But the arguers are not being complimentary; they want a religion with its feet on the ground and they by no means want its head in the clouds, which is their way of classifying Heaven.

As a matter of fact, the Church is the most practical of institutions. Because it takes a long view and declares the spiritual is the chief fact in human life, it does not ignore the shorter view—that is, the well-being of mankind. Over and over this has been proved, from the days of Our Lord, who saw to it that people who came to hear Him were fed, to the Middle Ages, when monks gave hospitality to wayfarers and fed the poor, and to our own day when houses of hospitality have fed and warmed bodies as well as souls.

Today the Church meets, in small ways and large, the terrible need that is upon the world. And as with Our Lord who loved children, who spoke harsh words to those who abused them, so the present Pope has aided children and made their cause his own. To do this, to shelter and feed and clothe the destitute and forlorn small ones who are paying the highest cost of all for the war, he needs, always and especially, the help of the women of the lands which can help, who know best the small and continual needs of a child.

The Pope's Storerooms

WORKING THROUGH Catholic War Relief, that inexhaustible reservoir of help, the National Catholic Welfare Conference is launching a new appeal to the Catholic women of the United States. They tell us that the storerooms of the Pope need replenishing. These, once two rooms in the Vatican, have in the past few years increased to seventeen. When the cupboards in these rooms are filled, there is everything there from great bolts of cloth bought with donations to small racks of buttons and thread and needles sent by individuals. The used clothing that comes in is turned over to the Sisters of various convents, who press and mend or remake it and then return it for distribution. A nun is in charge of the entire work and, judging from the account I have before me, she works without ever stopping. She has as helper a man who works from seven in the morning until ten at night. Others help in the evenings when their work is over, some of them drivers who help with the hauling. Two other nuns work at unpacking and sorting. That is the staff. It is obvious the overhead is all but nothing. Everything that comes from the givers goes to those who need it.

Trucks are filled with shipments for Austria and Hungary and Germany. Rosaries and medals are packed for Russian-occupied zones. There is clothing for orphan asylums in Italy and France and Holland and other lands. In three years over a million blankets have been sent out, almost three million spools of thread, three million pounds of wool, seven million used and new shoes, and almost a million layettes, as well as thousands upon thousands of pieces of wearing apparel.

A New Crusade

NOW CATHOLIC WAR Relief is launching another crusade—a new sort of Children's Crusade. It is not a replacement of the sending of used clothing or help with checks. That must go on, of course. But this is a special campaign. Catholic women throughout the land are asked to send at least one new garment for a child, and the gift will be sent directly to the storerooms of the Pope. To each who thus aids him the Holy Father will send a special blessing. Tags have been printed to be placed on each garment, a round blue disc which says, in various languages, "Gift to the Holy Father from Catholic Women of U. S. A.," and on the back is a space for the giver's name and address. Perhaps in each parish the heads of guilds might write to War Relief Services at 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a package of these tags and distribute them to the women of the parish, or a woman could send for a packet to distribute to her friends.

For the storerooms of the Pope are empty again almost as soon as they are filled. He needs the help of those of his people who have something to give so that he may give to those of his people who have nothing.

Perhaps there are some who think this giving of relief to Europe has been going on for too long a time. In fact, *Life* prints a letter from a gentleman who seems deeply distressed because pictures in that magazine show children in Rome who look well fed and well clothed. And also he does not like the picture of workers on a picnic, enjoying ham, bananas, and red wine. *Life* points out that the children were photographed in their Sunday best and the picnic fare was a special meal. But then, are there really people who don't want others to begin to look healthier and better dressed? Are they to look continually starved and ragged? Perhaps the difference is that, now, thanks to American help, there is in Western Europe no actual starvation. But the tuberculosis rate is still five times the prewar rate.

Then, too, food has to be eaten every day—or at least that is a fairly common assumption—and clothing wears out, especially that of a child. The children in that picture who look fine today would not look so fine if no food came to them for a week. In other words, the continuance of recovery is absolutely dependent on the continuance of American help, as *Life* puts it.

The Soviet-controlled meeting of the officials of the Orthodox Church at Moscow said that the Pope has always been "on the side of the mighty against the weak and exploited and particularly against the interests of the workers."

To us this is just propaganda nonsense. But to the hungry and dispossessed it may not sound like nonsense. And I cannot think of anything more calculated to confute the Russian statement than thousands upon thousands of these little blue discs attached to thousands upon thousands of new dresses and underwear and suits and shoes which will find their way to the storerooms of the man who represents the love and the pity and the generosity of Our Lord.

I have often asked on this page for help from the women who read it. This time the appeal is for the children who are helpless and weary due to war's ravages, for at least one new garment sent in the name of Him who loved children. For the storerooms of the Pope are the storerooms of Christ. Himself.

SPORTS

National vs. All America

With the football season on top of us once again there still is no sign of peace between the rival pro outfits. When the All-America Conference came into being two years ago, everyone realized that the established National League would resent the newcomer and have nothing at all to do with it. But the folks in the All America said that while they expected this resentment in the beginning, they were sure that after awhile, the National Leaguers would come around to their way of thinking and would recognize them as equals in the pro football business. This having been accomplished, the two could get together, and their respective champions could play a real football world series. The All Americas pointed out that there was a similar parallel in baseball. In the beginning, there was only the National League. At first, the new American League was strongly resented and fought, but ultimately they smoked the pipe of peace together. Then from recognition of the American League came one of the country's real sports classics, the World Series, and because of it, the leagues, the players, and the fans were all better off.

You may think this will occur in pro football too, but not if you listen to some of the older club owners of the National League. They are still bitter at the All America, claim it is only an upstart, and that it won't last more than another season. The National Leaguers point out that only in New York with the Yankees and the tremendous assets of the Yankee baseball organization behind them, and in Cleveland, with the Browns, has the All America been able to make any headway. The older group claims that in other cities like Baltimore, Miami (now transferred to Baltimore), Chicago, Brooklyn, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, the owners have taken a financial bath and they can't keep that up very long. Hence, they wait hopefully for the new league to flop.

To this the All America replies that they will have a long, long wait. They point out that with two years' play under their belt, they are in far better shape than the National was at a cor-

responding period of its existence. Also pointed out is the fact that Rome wasn't built in a day. They say the Yankees have outdrawn the Giants in New York, the Browns ran the Rams out of Cleveland, and that with Branch Rickey and the Brooklyn Baseball organization taking over the Dodgers, they'll do in Brooklyn what they did in New York. Also that given a little time they'll make good in the other cities too. And finally they don't care whether the National League does recognize them or not.

Personally, I wouldn't know what's going to happen. This, of course, will be the crucial season for the new loop. If they weather it they'll be in good shape, and the National will have to get together for that World Series. If they fail, well then a lot of hard-earned bucks will have been incinerated.

All-America Candidate

Speaking of football, here is the season's first candidate for All-American honors. He is Ralph Pete Williams, '49, Co-captain of the Navy football team. Twenty-one years old, 5'10", 170 pounds, "Pistol Pete" starts his

fourth campaign with the Navy varsity this fall and the rugged little scaback should have his best season. Pete gained his early training at Miami High School down Florida way, which also produced stars Arnold Tucker and Bruce Smith, who quarterbacked for Army and Navy a couple of seasons ago. Though Pete can kick, run, and pass, his strong point is the running game where his quick start and excellent change of pace throws would be tacklers out of position. In the off season, Williams is one of Navy's top sprinters. Swimming and golf round out his athletic talents.

Sports Stars

To my mind, one of today's most interesting sports aggregations is the Sports Stars, an itinerant group drawn from various fields of sport and gathered for the purpose of playing softball. The organization was founded by the New York Sports Broadcasters' Association in 1943 for the purpose of aiding in the sale of War Bonds. The idea was for the group to book a softball game with some local outfit as part of a community effort in the various bond drives. There-



Sports Stars softball team. Front row: Greg Rice, Ray Rickles, Abe Sharkey, Don Dunphy, Phil Weintraub, Dan Corbin. Standing: Larry Douglas, Ed Sadowski, Paul Grossinger, Herb Harris, Sid Robbins, Emerson Dickman, and John Condon

by

DON DUNPHY

after, its activities were extended to include games at Government hospitals and at Army, Navy, and Marine establishments. With the war over, the group decided to continue playing just for the fun of it. It's an interesting group too, with a sprinkling of well-known sports figures from several fields.

Among the former big league ball players to team up with the Sports Stars have been Freddie Fitzsimmons, Lefty Gomez, Phil Weintraub, Emerson Dickman, Ethan Allen, and comedian Al Schacht. Then there have been sports announcers, Ted Husing, Mel Allen, Stan Lomax, Bob Stanton, Del Sharbut, Bob Smith, Don Kellett, and the writer. From pro football have come Bill Paschal, Howie Livingston, and Bob Perina. Pro basketball has lent Big Ed Sadowski, Joe Lapchick, and John "Honey" Russell. America's greatest distance runner Greg Rice has held down an outfield berth, while boxing has furnished Jake LaMotta and Frank Fullam. Singer Larry Douglas and Comedian Bud Sweeney have rounded out the team.

Naturally, all of these celebrities haven't been out every time, but enough have shown up each week to make it interesting. One of the feats of the team was a game at Port Washington, Long Island, last year for the benefit of the Police Athletic League of that community. A crowd of five thousand turned out for the contest and \$1,200 was raised for the P.A.L. This year Father Phillips, Catholic Chaplain of the Army Post on Governor's Island, invited the Sports Stars over to play his Holy Name Society team. The Stars were victorious in two hard-fought tussles, but Father Phillips promises a different result next time.

Players and Managers

Baseball is just about recovering from the bombshell which struck the National League in July when, almost without warning, Leo Durocher changed uniforms in midstream and came up managing, of all teams, the New York Giants. Burt Shotton found himself back at the helm of the Brooklyn Dodgers, whom he had piloted to a pennant last year; and Mel Ott, after more than twenty-four years of service to the Giants,



Horace Stoneham, Mel Ott, and Leo Durocher, chief figures in a mid-season shift that astounded the baseball world

found himself out in the cold (in July too). I don't want to dwell on the merits or demerits of the various shifts nor even on the probable results. Time and the end of the '48 pennant races will throw more light on them. I'd like to dwell on another factor. And that is a well-proven one that great ball players seldom or maybe never make good managers, or perhaps I should qualify that to say they seldom make successful managers.

There's no questioning the fact that Mel Ott has been one of the game's greatest players. All-time home run king of the National League, a terrific hitter in the clutch, a smart base runner, a wonderful fielder with a rifle arm, he is almost a certainty to be elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame next time the balloting is held. There he will join a majestic group of the game's immortals who would make any all-time, all-star team, but who, nevertheless, never succeeded as big league managers.

Look over the list and try to figure out what these men would bring on the open market today: Eddie Collins, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, George Sisler, Mickey Cochrane, to name only a few. You will notice that I have only mentioned Hall of Famers who also became big league managers. Great players like Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Lefty Grove, *et al.*, never became team leaders. Great as these men were on the field, they never succeeded as managers, while lesser lights in playing ability, like Joe McCarthy, Connie Mack, John McGraw, and Miller Huggins went on

and really won pennant after pennant.

Perhaps you will point out that star athletes like Speaker, Hornsby, Cochrane, and Frisch did win pennants. True enough. But when this quartet won, they were playing managers, they were still great on the field and at the bat. They still had the inspiration and drive that sometimes only a field leader can give a team. And of the four, only Cochrane, rated by many as the game's greatest catcher, was able to repeat with a winner. Yes, they won as playing managers. But when they had slowed down as players, when they were no longer able to get out on the field and show the way, their managing fell off too. None of them seemed to have the winning knack in the dugout.

I mentioned four great players who did win pennants. How about the great ones who had the chance and never won at all: Cobb, Johnson, Sisler, Pie Traynor, Matthewson, Collins, to name only a few. And yet there are others who couldn't carry the bats or the gloves of Cobb, Collins, *et al.*, who come along, take over a big league team, and spark it to one flag after another. McGraw was a fair player, so was Connie Mack, but they couldn't be compared to some I have mentioned. Others like Huggins, McCarthy, and McKechnie, were only substitutes at best in the big time, but look at their records. McGraw 10 pennants, Mack 9, McCarthy 9, Huggins 6, McKechnie 4. Apparently, it is one thing to be a great player on the field and something else again to be a great tactician in the shade of the dugout.

IT was the little girls that made it so hard. Even though they remembered to whisper (actually, they were as good as gold), they were the ones who made it so hard for the mother. Maybe it was because of their freshly scrubbed faces, trying hard to be solemn but showing only a frank, bright interest. Most of them had never seen a dead person before.

There were nine of the little girls and, in their light summer dresses, they

Out of thirty-one hundred entries in the recent Catholic Press Association short story contest, this tender story of a mother's grief won first prize

by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

THE Little Girls

looked like a bevy of small white moths as they clustered around her daughter.

"My," whispered one of the little girls, "don't she look *natural*?" She wasn't quite sure what the word meant, but she had heard one of the older people say it. "Just as *natural*," she repeated. She reached out and furtively touched the tufted white plush of the casket. It seemed funny to think that this was really Mary Ellen.

In the school plays she had always had the choice roles (the Christmas Spirit, the Snow Queen, the Sugar Plum Princess) because she was easily the prettiest girl in the fourth grade. The other little girls—the ones with freckles, unsuccessful permanents, and big front teeth—simply took this for granted. They even boasted about her. She could act as well as Margaret O'Brien and she was ten times prettier. They hadn't a doubt in the world but that she was going to end up in Hollywood.

She always looked wonderful in the cheesecloth costumes that the nuns concocted, and now the little girls were disappointed to see that Mary Ellen had on her Sunday best dress. The blue rayon one, princess style, with the yarn flowers. They had vaguely expected something different, maybe something white and flowing like the Snow Queen's costume. They also regretted the curls.

Generally Mary Ellen wore her hair in long smooth curls but, during the summer vacation, her mother always braided it because it was cooler. Now it was July, and so there were braids.

"Just think," whispered one of the little girls. "She got a stomach-ache on Monday and died on Wednesday."

"I know it," said the girl next to her.

"I knew about it before you did. My mother was the one who called people about the flowers." For the third time, she crossed herself. Carefully and importantly. But she crossed herself because it seemed proper, not to ward off any future stomach-aches of her own.

Sudden death did not even seem to brush the little girls. Their fearful mothers had insulated them against fear; their worried mothers (remembering the tears shed over the bullet-torn fawn in *The Yearling*) had talked only about the beautiful death.

("See, honey, they operated on Mary Ellen and she just never woke up again, she kept right on sleeping. Wasn't that a *nice* way to die? And now she's so *happy*.")

The mothers need not have worried. The Technicolor make-believe death of the yearling was one thing, the death of a classmate another. The little girls didn't get good grades in Christian Doctrine for nothing. They had it reduced to the bone. The saints were the lucky ones. Mary Ellen was in Heaven. You couldn't get into Heaven unless you were a saint. Therefore, lucky.

The odd thing was that Sister Agatha, the one who taught Christian Doctrine, was crying like anything. Her face, generally like smooth marble, was all crumpled up. The little girls nudged each other. Sister Agatha . . . did you see Sister Agatha?

But the little girls themselves, Mary Ellen's closest friends, felt only a lively interest, a certain shared pride in her latest achievement. She had always been two jumps ahead of them, anyway—the prettiest, the quickest, the brightest—and this time *they* shared in the



winnings. The parish priest, not slowed down by red tape in Rome, had said that now their new school had a child saint all its own to pray to.

Last year their school had won the Fire Prevention Certificate and the city softball championship. St. Michael's School was doing all right for itself.

The mother stood at one end of the white casket, the father at the other. This had been their only child, a child of their middle years. Somehow they managed to recognize the faces, remember the names of the people that filed along in a steady line: the mothers of the little girls, neighbors, the nuns from the school. They were the grownups, and grief flowed through the steady line as from a common wound.

But it was the little girls who made it so hard. The mother could not help being aware of the little girls, brushing against her, whispering importantly. They represented an official body, stand-

ing guard as chief mourners. They were all members of the Busy Bee Blue Bird group—fledgling Camp Fire Girls—and Mary Ellen had been their president.

During the year the Busy Bees had sold doughnuts in the Doughnut Drive, gone on nature hikes, learned songs with motions, made pan holders for Mother's Day. Like every stalwart organization, they even had a Way of Life. It was called "The Blue Bird Wish" and it was pasted on the front page of every good Busy Bee's notebook:

To have fun.

To learn to make beautiful things.

To remember to finish what I begin.

To want to keep my temper.

To go to interesting places.

To learn about trees, flowers, and birds.

To make friends.

There were so many new things to learn, so many interesting places to go. During the past school year their leader

had taken them to visit the interesting places: the museum, the bakery, the radio station, the city hall, the dairy. Now, in their bright summer dresses, they were visiting a funeral home.

The last time the mother had seen them they had been wearing bright blue shorts and white blouses. Two weeks ago they had had a picnic at Colfax Park and Mary Ellen's father and mother had gone along as sponsors. There had been roasted wienies, marshmallows, popsicles, singing, throwing stones in the river. It was almost, said the little girls on the way home, as good as going to camp. Maybe better. They liked to talk big about camp but didn't want it much closer. When you went to camp you didn't get to see your folks for a whole ten days.

All the way home, crammed into the battered old Buick, they had sung their songs. They were too crowded to sing the funny ones with motions, like the

But it was the little girls who made it so hard. The mother could not help being aware of them.





During summer vacation, her hair was braided because it was cooler

one about the eensy, weensy spider going up the water spout, but there were plenty of others. Over and over, they had sung the official song of the Blue Bird girls because that was the one you sang at ceremonial meetings:

"Pretty little Blue Bird, why do you go?

Come back, come back to me;
I go, said the bird as he flew on high,
To see if my color matches the sky."

It was an awfully pretty song except, sometimes, they got it started too high. Then they would end up on a high squeek and a giggle, like they did with "The Star Spangled Banner."

The line had thinned out, and there were only a few more hands for the parents to shake. In one corner of the vestibule a fourth grade mother was busily checking names and donations with other fourth grade mothers. Theirs was the huge spray of lilies and larkspur. They had finally decided on flowers, after a certain amount of confusion as to what was proper. It didn't seem quite right to give Spiritual Bouquets for a little girl who didn't really need them.

The rest of the grownups had gone back into the other parlor or drifted out onto the porch to wait for the priest. The July night was warm and still. When the priest came, at eight o'clock, there would be the Rosary.

But the little girls stayed, playing guard at the casket, not giving up their rightful ground. Over their whispering and bobbing heads the parents glanced at each other, sharing the mixed and peculiar pain. The little girls were whispering, all right, but they could hear every word.

LUCILE HASLEY, wife of Professor Hasley of Notre Dame University and mother of two little girls and a boy, is well known to readers of *The Sign* for her sparkling articles.

"What's her name in Heaven?" one of them was saying. "Is she called Saint Mary?"

Then she frowned, puzzled. "But they're so many Mary's, mightn't they get mixed up?" It was always that way. Even in the classroom there were always too many Mary's. She wanted no confusion about the one from St. Michael's.

A newcomer, a late Busy Bee, joined the ranks. She looked warm and breathless, as if she had been running.

"Did you register in the book?" one of them whispered officiously. The newcomer, still breathless, shook her head dumbly, and the officious one whisked her off. The mother, her face swollen with grief, watched them as they darted out into the vestibule to register proudly another Busy Bee.

They're little, she told herself, they don't realize. The little girls seemed heartless but her daughter might have acted the same way. It might have been Mary Ellen darting out into the vestibule like that. She knew little girls. Maybe it was even unfair to think they were heartless; they had hearts, all right, but they were children's hearts. They could believe whatever anyone told them.

The mother had been told a number of things, too, these past sixteen hours. The old phrases had dashed against her tired mind and then fallen away: "Time heals all wounds . . . God's ways are inscrutable . . . Thy will be done . . . God fits the burden to the back . . . The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . ."

She had grown up with these phrases; heard them all her life. They were part of her very blood stream. Maybe later, when she wasn't so tired, the meaning and the sense would creep back into them.

"How God must have loved you," the priest had said gently, "to give you so heavy a cross to bear." But her mind

was too heavy, too tired for the paradox. Her mind could only circle back, again and again, to the simple beginning. It was Monday noon . . . Mary Ellen had come in from jumping rope to say she had a stomach-ache . . . but kids were always having little stomach-aches . . .

It was a merciful relief when the Rosary began and the mother could get down on her knees. She was so tired that she rested one elbow on the seat of the folding chair next to her. Her feet throbbed; she had been on them almost constantly since Monday. But it was funny, since she ached all over, that she should even think of her feet.

The little girls had quit whispering, were kneeling around her, were busily untangling their colored beads. Now there was just the priest leading the prayers: the Hail Mary's tumbling out like water rushing over worn, smooth stones. This, too, seemed almost senseless. And yet, between the decades was a strange new line that the mother had never heard before: "May she rejoice with the angels and the saints forever." "May she rejoice . . ."

It was a beautiful death, they said. And tomorrow at the funeral there would be the Mass of the Angels. Oh, she had much to be grateful for . . . they were right, this was a beautiful death . . . and there had been mothers far less lucky. The Mass of the Angels. That meant that tomorrow there would be no black in the Church because black stood for mourning. The priest would wear white vestments, symbol of innocence and joy, and flowers would be permitted (the fourth grade mothers had sent such a lovely spray) because it was time to rejoice. Like a feast day.

For a moment, she let bitterness spurt up in her heart unchecked. They had their saint, but she had no daughter. Let the priest wear his white. Let the little girls wear their bright summer dresses. She would wear black, she would wear black forever . . .

But she could not even hold onto a sustained bitterness. It was alien to her; it wasn't part of her blood stream. Like all the other phrases these, too, dashed against her tired mind and then fell away.

The Rosary was over quickly, like everything else had been going these past sixteen hours. The mother got up from her knees, stiffly and clumsily, but the little girls scrambled to their feet with ease. It was as if they had elastic in their joints. Even when a child broke a leg or a collar bone, the young bones started mending and healing immediately. Elastic.

Her eyes followed them as they wandered out into the vestibule to wait for their mothers to join them. For a few

(Continued on page 61)



**Whether it's Truman or Dewey
next November, a truly American
policy must be found if
America is to accomplish her
task of saving civilization**

an American foreign policy

by ANTHONY B. ATAR



THIS year's Presidential election will have influence on the future of the United States and of the world. Whoever wins in November will assume responsibility for leading humanity in the most crucial battle since the dawn of our civilization.

The issue is: How long can American statesmanship permit the world to remain half slave and half free? How long can America afford to adhere to the present defensive program of mere "containment of Communist Russia," without placing her own future and that of our civilization in grave peril? In other words, should the United States continue to follow the present foreign policy of spheres of influence, based on the Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam agreements, a program which is basically an application of the British formula of balance of power? Is it enough for America to reduce her political vision in relation to Europe to traditional

British lines of defense and to accept a British foreign policy as the American program?

The tragic record of the past years and the present state of tension in the world would seem to suggest the contrary. They point to the full bankruptcy of this system. The world has not yet fully paid for the mistakes of contemporary British policy. The United States is only beginning to pay her price for having followed it. Thus, a basic revision of our approach to foreign affairs appears essential.

At Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam, spheres of influence were established, Europe and Asia were cut into slices, and lines of division between freedom and Communist totalitarianism were drawn with the ill-founded hope that Moscow would respect them. This was not an American type program.

Now that Stalin has demonstrated that he is determined to upset even this

uneasy balance, the Western Powers are surprised, as if the present catastrophe could not have been foreseen. These powers seem not so much alarmed by the violation of principles—they were violated when the Yalta spheres of influence were established—but rather by the overthrow of the balance between East and West in Europe. Thus, the *only issue* for British policy vis-à-vis Russia appears to be the restoration of that balance and restricting Soviet control to the countries behind the Iron Curtain. In spite of noble phrases, it looks as if this were the *only issue* for the present bipartisan foreign policy group in Washington as well.

The last truly American concept in relation to Europe was President Wilson's program. In relation to Asia it was the Stimson formula. In Europe it was the doctrine of self-determination of peoples and nations; in Asia it was the "non-recognition of territorial

changes introduced by force." In both cases, the United States did not place geographical boundaries to freedom. It did not offer smaller nations as war booty to larger ones.

In the early part of World War II, U. S. policy scrupulously observed these basic American tenets. After Hitler's attack on Russia, when Britain began to barter away the rights and territories of her smaller allies to appease Russia, America objected to these short-sighted and immoral deals. In 1942, when London was signing a pact with Moscow and wanted to introduce into the agreement a map on which were shown British concessions to Russia in the Baltic countries, Poland, and Finland, the U. S. Government threatened to denounce this publicly. Consequently the map was withdrawn.

IN spite of British suggestions that America give up her principles and compromise with Russia at the expense of other nations, the United States consistently refused.

In 1943, however, this wise and truly American policy was abandoned. The first symptom of change was the Teheran agreement. Only history will be able to determine with impartiality to what degree and by what methods British wooing influenced this tragic decision of the President of the United States and turned America away from Wilson and Stimson to Churchill and Eden.

The Second World War started with Russia co-operating closely with Nazi Germany. Consequently, Great Britain had to rely on nations situated between Germany and the Soviet Union. France had already a long-standing treaty of alliance with Poland. Great Britain signed one in 1939. As soon, however, as Hitler threw Russia into the Allied camp, Britain switched over to the support of Soviet claims in Europe and gradually dropped her treaty obligations to the Poles. Once again, Britain's principal war aim in Europe was the restoration of the balance of power which Hitler had overthrown. In the new postwar balance, Britain was to act as its guardian in the West and Russia in the East.

This program was clearly defined in an editorial in *The Times* of London on March 10, 1943, on the eve of one of Mr. Eden's pro-Russian visits to Washington. It was the first blueprint for the Yalta spheres of influence system, to which America had still to be won. The editorial ran in part as follows: "In the first place, Russia's attempt to isolate herself from the troubles of the European continent—the last made as recently as 1919—have proved as futile and as disastrous

as similar attempts by Britain. Secondly, Britain has the same interest as Russia herself in active and effective Russian participation in continental affairs: for there can be no security in Western Europe unless there also is security in Eastern Europe and security in Eastern Europe is unattainable unless it is buttressed by military power of Russia. No western power, however great, can safely act on the eastern flank of Germany except in genuine and close understanding with Russia. . . . If Britain's frontier is on the Rhine it might just as pertinently be said—though it has not in fact been said—that Russia's frontier is on the Oder, and in the same sense. . . .

"The sole interest of Russia is to assure herself that her outer defenses are in sure hands; and this interest will be best served if the lands between her frontiers and Germany are held by governments and people friendly to herself. That is one condition on which Russia must and will insist. . . .

► Some people will believe anything if it is whispered to them.

—Anon.

But it will make all the difference to the future of Anglo-Russian friendship whether these lines have been freely approved and welcomed by Britain in advance or whether they are grudgingly accepted as a *fait accompli* after victory is won. . . . The other task of British Foreign policy is to interpret to the United States the common interest of Britain and Russia in European security and in the means of attaining it. Mr. Herbert Morrison [Laborite, wartime minister] said in his speech: 'We must be able to play a part in the developing and cementing of friendship between our two great Allies—the Russians and Americans, but this part cannot be passive.' "

Everything contained in this editorial has come true. Russia's western boundary, moved slightly westward from the Oder, is the present Iron Curtain. All governments between Germany and Russia are indeed "friendly" to her: mere Communist puppets. America has been won for "the common interest of Britain and Russia in European security." The program of the London foreign office, as expressed by its unofficial spokesman, *The Times*, has been executed as the American program.

Although the situation has changed and Russia is no longer considered either by Washington or London as the "great Ally," the basic pattern has not changed. The present bipartisan foreign policy of the United States continues to respect the geographical lines established at Yalta and prescribed by the British balance-of-power program. Europe and China are still divided into spheres of influence, and no serious attempt is being made to overthrow this system. Even the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan remain faithful to it. They try to bolster and protect Western Europe, Greece, and Turkey—essential elements in the British sphere of security. But no one tries to rescue the other lands, those outside the British strategic line and east of the Iron Curtain.

The fact that no word was contained either in the Republican or the Democratic platform concerning the liberation and unification of Europe raises doubt whether the coming elections will help to eliminate the Yalta pattern from U. S. foreign policy. Here lies the danger. Mr. Dewey and other Republican statesmen have declared themselves in favor of freedom for all nations and extensive aid to China. They are very critical of Yalta. Governor Dewey is known to favor a United States of Europe as a "strong third power devoted to the cause of peace." On the Democratic side, Senator Meyers, who drafted the Democratic platform, believes that: "Freedom is not really secure unless there is freedom too in Warsaw and in Prague and in Belgrade and in all the nations of the world." These are just a few hints for the future.

Mr. Dewey in his acceptance speech raised the issue of moral and spiritual values as paramount in our times. If these inspiring words are to be translated into political acts, a new American foreign policy must be born.

A political agreement must be judged by the consequences that result. The results of the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam agreements proved to be disastrous. Consequently, foreign policy based on them should be revised. One must cease talking about a compromise between two opposed systems in the world, about "political democracy," "economic democracy," "spheres of influence," and "balance of power." The time has come to raise the call for freedom for all nations, for their free and uncoerced association in the service of the common good, for a world built on the principles of justice and equality. This is a truly American program.

RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

Who Said That?

The NBC News Department has cooked up one of the brightest new dishes on the air for the listener whose ear has been jaded by too much bland radio fare. *Who Said That?* is a program that starts out with the assumption that the people at the receiving end are well out of knee pants and comfortably settled in an intelligent and fairly well-read adulthood.

The format is simple. NBC newsmen Bob Trout reads quotations from newspapers of the seven previous days to a group of four men and women whose business is in some way connected with news. The quotations used are direct ones, chosen for amusement or wit or serious portent, and each must have been the quoted statement of someone of national or international repute. John Cameron Swayze is the permanent member of the board of quote-identifiers and Mary Margaret McBride, whose quavering tremolo seems to be dear to the hearts of housewives throughout the nation, proved to be a sparkler on the first three broadcasts. Other guest participants have been columnists Robert Ruark, Frederick Othman, radio commentator H. V. Kaltenborn, and Socialist presidential candidate Norman Thomas, who appeared on the program in his role as correspondent for the *Denver Post*.

Each of the members of the panel loses more than prestige when all fail to identify a quotation. Such failure costs him five dollars which goes into the kitty, a reward to the writer of the "best quotation" on a given topic, assigned by the quizmaster on the previous Friday. In addition to providing a good topping-off technique, this invitation to listeners to send in a favorite quotation supplies the program's producers with a reasonable check on the growing popularity of the series.

There's much to recommend this one to you. The ad-libbing is uniformly clever; these are newspaper and radio people, familiar with rapid repartee, whose minds are constantly sharpened on the whetstone of their daily routines. A large part of the appeal lies in the human interest angle. The broadcasts are about people and what they said, and where is the human being who fails

to respond to that bait? Each program is a good check for the listener on his own coverage of the news. And then there is the same kind of potential thrill that has made "Information Please" successful—that wonderfully triumphant feeling when you know the answer and the experts don't!

According to the Traffic Department at NBC in New York, the "card" on the series list it as being on the air until October 8 when the spot will revert to its usual winter claimant. And this is where you come in. After you have given *Who Said That?* a try, if you find it to your taste, let a letter or postcard to your NBC station or to the NBC News Department in New York voice your approval. It's a good show. Let's keep it on the air. (NBC, Friday 8:30-9 P.M., E.D.S.T.)

Criminal Casebook

Sponsored by the Society for the Prevention of Crime, which co-operates with the American Broadcasting Company in the production of the programs, CRIMINAL CASEBOOK is one of the very few crime programs on the air which earns as well as asks for your attention.

The basic thesis of each story is that criminals are made, not born, and that society's duty is to analyze and as far as possible eliminate the factors in the life of an individual which drive him

to crime. More than half the time on each program is given to a dramatization of the true story of someone recently released from prison who has given permission, of course, for its telling. The steps taking him or her to the commission of a crime which led to the prison term are carefully delineated in forceful radio terms. Fictitious names and places are used for obvious reasons. The dramatic portion usually ends abruptly at some high point at which arrest is imminent, and then there follows the most unusual feature of the program—an interview in a studio adjacent to the one in which the dramatic portion was presented, an interview in which the actual person whose story has been told is questioned by Edwin Lucas of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

On the whole, there is much merit in the programs. The small turns of fate on which a tragic life story may rest are good lessons for each of us. And because the subject in each case is not a confirmed, hard-bitten criminal but a normal, healthy person whose early chances in life looked as good as the next fellow's, the listener finds himself echoing the thought that is always the root of charity, humility, and gratitude, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." (ABC, Thursday, 8:30-9 P.M., E.D.S.T.)

Political Broadcasts

Here is some information about the networks' arrangements for those political talks that will be flooding your living room from your radio's speaker until Election Day. The arrangements quoted are those of the American Broadcasting Company, but in essence they are typical of all networks.

From the close of the Democratic National Convention until 1 A.M. on Election Day, facilities will be made available for campaign broadcasts only on a commercial basis. All political speeches will be subject to ABC's policies and operating procedure and to the provisions of the Federal Communications Commission. ABC will accept orders for political time from qualified candidates as defined in the FCC rules, but it reserves the right to cancel the ordered broadcast in order to present a special broadcast deemed by the network to be of greater public interest.

Spot announcements from recognized political parties or candidates will be accepted for transcontinental, regional, or local broadcast. However, such announcements may be used only to remind the public to vote on Election Day, to draw attention to a political broadcast, or to publicize a rally or important political meeting to be held by a recognized party or group.



Bob Trout, newsmen and quiz master

A spiritual thought for the month



Having Fun

by
IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.

WE ARE now at the end of the vacation season during which millions of our people give themselves a respite from the grind of work. They were intent on having recreation in the mountains, on river banks, at the seashore, and in other places which only the ingenuity of the American mind could discover.

Having fun is an ambition that is not limited to the vacation season. It has become almost a general obsession with our citizens, and it absorbs many all during the year. Having fun is the answer of many to the question about how to use the increased leisure time now available.

This use of leisure time is a serious problem in the social life of our people. Hours of work have decreased. Hours of leisure have increased. The level of civilization in any nation and in any individual can be gauged by the ability to use leisure time constructively. Leisure time is a problem for educators because education, to be successful, must teach the young how to use it advantageously and rationally. They must be taught that leisure is an opportunity for something more than play or just having fun. Most of our education has not been very successful in meeting this obligation. Neither has it been successful in teaching the activities that bring real pleasure and joy as these are distinguished from mere fun.

Constructive use of leisure time means using it for the complete development of each human personality. This implies something more than just having fun. It implies the physical, mental, moral, religious, and spiritual development of every individual. Physical recreation and play take care of only a part of this development and often pleasure and having fun are a detriment to real personality development. Vacations and fun are always a curse if they blight the mind and harm the soul.

An important part of the time not spent at work or in necessary sleep must

be offered to God in prayer and in other necessary acts of worship. Only by this dedication of some free time to God can the moral, religious, and spiritual development of personality be achieved. Only by such dedication is given evidence of respect for divine rights.

It is precisely in this relation that godless education falls down. It has no competence and no techniques for developing a respect for God's rights and an appreciation for moral, religious, and spiritual values during vacation time or at any other time. Vacations for many are not only not godly; they are positively pagan and barbaric. For many all leisure time means emancipation not only from God but also from the laws of the land and the decent conventions of polite society. The relaxation of leisure time for many means relaxation from the noble virtues that perfect personality and produce real happiness, joy of the spirit, really rational fun. Vacation for many is apostasy from virtue and the worship of vice. What we call deadly sins are exalted to the level of virtues and become the motive power of vacation and recreation activity. Pride, lust, greed, cruelty, intemperance, envy, and supine indolence are honored and obeyed under the excuse that, "we are having fun."

WE HAVE gone a long way on the return to old Catholic standards of less work and more leisure. Leisure, in the eyes of the Church is a sacred right and even an important obligation. It is compensation earned by honest toil and it is a tonic to offset the fatigue and monotony of work.

We as a nation have not progressed in learning how to sanctify leisure time and to make it the occasion for deeper fun and more permanent pleasure. Our Catholic people have the knowledge and the patterns by which real progress can be accomplished in the enjoyment of leisure time. And they in their turn can become patterns for the rest of men.

You ought to know that . . .

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT, one of the most popular of the daytime serials, recently celebrated its fifteenth year of five-a-week broadcasts over the Columbia network. As a large proportion of the housewives of America can tell you, Helen's story is designed to prove that "romance can still come to a woman over thirty-five." Such is the pace of soap-opera time that despite her fifteen years on the air since she became thirty-five, Helen is not yet forty.

MY FAVORITE HUSBAND (CBS, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.—Friday) started out as a "one-shot" broadcast. It received such favorable acclaim from critics and the public that it has become a regular CBS comedy feature, with Lucille Ball of Hollywood fame in the leading role. It is based on the adventures of a happily married couple as published originally in the two novels, *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* and *Outside Eden*, by Isabel Scott

AN AMERICAN ABROAD is the title of a new CBS international series reporting thoughts of peregrinating U. S. citizens and their reactions to the customs and events in distant lands. (Thursday, 6:15-6:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.) The series is produced by the CBS News Department and it originates each week from a different foreign country.

CROSS SECTION, U. S. A. is a series sure to interest the man of your family. It's a discussion program in which spokesmen for farm, labor, and business organizations speak their minds on matters of current, vital interest. (CBS, Saturday, 3:30-4 P.M., E.D.S.T.)

WHAT DO PEOPLE THINK? an opinion research program, sponsored by the National Association of Manufacturers, is a new type of series on current affairs. Four panel members, the studio audience, and the radio home listeners match their knowledge of current events and of current opinion with the findings of scientific opinion research surveys. (ABC, Tuesday, 10:30-10:45 P.M., E.D.S.T.)

ON TRIAL is the title of a series which well deserves your attention if you want to be sure that your vote will be cast in the right direction on Election Day in November. Paul Porter and John Harlan Amen, both eminent trial lawyers, "try the major planks of the party platforms and call a different set of witnesses each week to examine and cross-examine their political proposals. Leading exponents of the major political parties are called as witnesses. (ABC, Wednesday, 10:30-11 P.M., E.D.S.T.)

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER



Laurence Olivier rates triple honors as star, producer, and director of the English production of Shakespeare's "Hamlet"

The Box Office Slump

The motion-picture industry is worried about the continued decline in box-office receipts. Its official spokesmen have placed the blame on every doorstep from the Berlin crisis to dollar-a-pound hamburger, but the plain, unadulterated fact remains that the paying customers have found the current output wanting. With inflation at the gate and admission prices rising to ridiculous heights, Mr. and Mrs. Customer have discovered that they can live quite happily and contentedly without the latest supersophisticated comedy, gory crime probe, or tired old triangle.

Hollywood must do something about the situation if it is to retain its world position. The "great brains" of the industry are deeply worried over the situation, but to judge by the new releases they still haven't reached a satisfactory solution. A reviewer has a better opportunity to analyze trends than the average fan who may go to the movies two or three times a month. From that vantage point, I would say that those who guide the industry are still far from the target. This summer's advance showings—which will reach the nation's screens in the fall and winter—are for the most part worn and trite retreads. Suggestiveness, vulgarity, and overemphasis on criminality are still being used as plot crutches, with little evident change from the last disastrous season, when the artistic and cultural level of motion pictures reached a new low.

The solution is certainly not as difficult as the moviemakers would have it appear. Eliminate the shoddiness, the ama-

teurish attempts at sophistication, and concentration on crime and its follower. That is step number one. Follow that up with an intelligent approach to the interindustry problem of rentals and production overhead with the resulting decrease in general admission prices. It is ridiculous to ask the public to pay \$1.80 for movies like *Winter Meeting* or *Letter to an Unknown Woman*. They just aren't worth it, and until the industry comes around to that point of view, there will be a slump or recession or boycott—call it what you will. The usually astute Hollywood mentors are way off the beam this time.

Hamlet à la Olivier

Laurence Olivier rates triple honors as the star, producer, and director of the screen's most ambitious Shakespearean endeavor, a two-and-a-half hour film record of *HAMLET*. In the strictest sense this is not a motion picture, but a sight and sound recording of a play. Judged as such it becomes one of the really magnificent achievements of the camera.

Produced in England with a cast of brilliant artists, the film's emphasis is on speed and action. For once a performance of this play can be judged as a whole rather than on the individual merit of its star. Some may not find this entirely to their liking, but for the average audience it brings Shakespeare just a bit closer and is considerably more appealing than the usual static stage production. Critics may well find this Olivier interpretation open to discussion, for by speeding and tightening the four-hour play into half that running time,

the adaptor has eliminated a good portion of the verse and some of the minor characters. One would wish that he had seen fit to blue-pencil a few of the more forthright Shakespearean lines that remain to startle the movie audience. Their elimination would have meant nothing to the general effect; their retention is a sore spot in an otherwise brilliant tapestry.

Olivier's *Hamlet* is sensitive, restrained, and affecting. It may well lack the vibrance and fire of a Maurice Evans' performance but it remains far and away the best that the screen has offered in this vein. Eileen Herlie's interpretation of the Queen is memorable and clear-cut in its perfection. Slight criticism may be made of the casting of youthful Jean Simmons as Ophelia. Her characterization is sincere, but hardly equal to the difficult demands of a great role. The others in the cast measure up quite effectively, with Basil Sydney, Norman Woodland, Felix Aylmer, and Terrence Morgan outstanding. Though this is undoubtedly one of the screen's masterpieces, its audience appeal is limited to those who appreciate Shakespeare no matter how diluted or revised it may be. The average movigoer may well be awed, and bored, by it all. Time alone will tell.

Reviews in Brief

An involved and oftentimes confused drama, *THE WALLS OF JERICHO* is a victim of its own complications. The locale is Kansas and the period the early 1900's. Against a small-town background several story threads are woven, interwoven, and tangled until the audience is mighty pleased to get away from it all out into the fresh clean air again. In addition to its bewildering and often boring plot, this suffers from the usual screen approach to marriage and a generally inept group performance by Cornel Wilde, Ann Dvorak, Linda Darnell, and Kirk Douglas. Only Anne Baxter succeeds in rising above the material at hand, turning in a worthwhile performance in a thankless role. Check this off as partly objectionable and hardly worth your time. (20th Century-Fox.)

THE BABE RUTH STORY sets out to be a belated tribute to the world-famous diamond hero. It accomplishes that in

a mildly entertaining manner without winning any dramatic pennants. Verging on the maudlin in its attitude toward the Babe, it never manages to strike that thoroughly realistic note that expert screen biography requires. Nor will the baseball fans find much to cheer about in the fleeting shots of diamond action. Despite its obvious shortcomings, this celluloid paean holds a certain nostalgic interest for the adult audience and will provide the youngsters with a romanticized, anemic portrait of the man who has become a legend. William Bendix does well as the Sultan of Swat, and Claire Trevor is excellent as his wife. Charles Bickford as Brother Matthias, who started Ruth on his career, Fred Lightner, and Sam Levene do full justice to their respective roles. The Babe rates a far better tribute than this! (Allied Artists)

The Washington depicted in Deanna Durbin's latest comedy with music, *FOR THE LOVE OF MARY*, is more fantastic than the Capital's most ardent critics could conceive. In it, Deanna plays a telephone operator at the White House switchboard who gets her wires crossed and soon has the President and most of the never-never-land officialdom working to unscramble her romances. Absurd, but amiable, and brightened by the Durbin rendition of "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," it meets the requirements of lightweight summer fun. Edmond O'Brien, Don Taylor, and Jeffrey Lynn are the young men who find romance on the Potomac confusing and complicated. Those in the audience who demand a little sanity with their laughs will sympathize with them. (Universal-International)

Leo McCarey guides Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan through some rather routine chores in his latest comedy-with-a-message, *GOOD SAM*. The man of the title is everybody's favorite neighbor. He lends his car, co-signs bank notes for acquaintances who never pay, invites friends home for dinner without a second thought, lends the family's savings to a needy neighbor, and generally exasperates his wife while following the dictates of his friendly nature. When disaster threatens and his friends fail him, Sam almost loses faith, but the final fadeout finds him happily convinced that



In "The Babe Ruth Story," William Bendix plays the role of the world-famous hero of the baseball diamond



Barbara Stanwyck is the intended victim of a murderer in "Sorry, Wrong Number"



A scene from "Rachel and the Stranger," frontier comedy-drama starring Loretta Young

it is better to give than to receive. Though the pace is sometimes a little slow, the comedy touches are excellent, and it is a genuine pleasure to discover that Hollywood is still capable of brightening the corner with a heart-warming, uplifting tribute to virtue. (RKO-Radio)

Loretta Young essays a change of pace in *RACHEL AND THE STRANGER*, a comedy-melodrama of frontier days. As a bondswoman who weds a widower mainly because he seeks a stepmother for his young son, Miss Young handles her assignment with distinction. However, the story is merely mediocre, traversing a familiar path to an expected conclusion. William Holden, Robert Mitchum, and Gary Gray are acceptable in the featured leads of an adult drama that manages to be mildly interesting in its better moments. They are, unfortunately, too few to turn this Howard Fast story into a resounding hit. (RKO-Radio)

Exceptionally beautiful scenic shots go a long way toward making *DEEP WATERS* the engrossing affair it is. Though short on plot value and dramatic action, it has a double portion of emotional appeal and characterization. Dean Stockwell, the Robbie of *The Green Years*, is the principal figure as a wayward orphan in the lobster-fishing area of Maine. A family picture with the added value of sincere acting and windswept backgrounds, this is heartily recommended. Dana Andrews, Jean Peters, Cesar Romero, Ed Begley, and Mae Marsh are the grown-ups involved in this amiable and enjoyable excursion into refreshing waters. (20th Century-Fox)

Barbara Stanwyck is in direct line for the 1948 Academy Award as a result of her superb performance in *SORRY, WRONG NUMBER*. Developed from a half-hour radio script, the screenplay rises to new heights of grim terror in its closing moments. As a neurotic invalid who overhears a phone conversation in which the forthcoming murder of a woman is discussed, Miss Stanwyck has never been better. In attempting to head off the killers she gradually comes to

the realization that she is the intended victim. Definitely not for the children nor the nervous adult, this grim chiller will appeal to those who like their mystery fare strong and undiluted. Burt Lancaster and Ann Richards are featured, but their contributions are overshadowed by the spectacular Stanwyck interpretation. (Paramount)

NORTHWEST STAMPEDE has all the action, color, and excitement that has characterized the Western formula for decades. In addition it can boast an unusually able cast headed by Joan Leslie, James Craig, and Jack Oakie; the breath-taking beauty of the Canadian Rockies as a backdrop; an intelligently developed story of ranch life and a real thriller-diller climax at a rodeo. The youngsters will rate it fascinating and it will make the older "big boys" just as happy. (Eagle-Lion)

Maxwell Anderson's *KEY LARGO* has undergone considerable revision in the years since it beclouded the Broadway footlights. The change is for the better resulting in a taut and suspenseful melodrama that leaves the playwright's immature philosophizing and political musings in the far background. Though there has been a surfeit of such sinister setups as this, the acting and direction are so far superior to the average run that it does rate attention by adults. Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor, Lionel Barrymore, and Humphrey Bogart are the finest members of a cast that also includes Lauren Bacall. (Warner Brothers)

As a study in moral disintegration, *SO EVIL MY LOVE* has a certain clinical value. But it falls far short of the standard for entertainment, despite the good work of Ray Milland, Ann Todd, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Leo G. Carroll. The story tells how a respectable widow falls in love with a criminal and gradually under his influence, sinks to his level. Neither the fine acting nor the few moments of sustained tension can overcome the basically objectionable plot. (Paramount)



← OLD LOOK: City Pharmacy building at Winder, Georgia

↓ NEW LOOK: Cleaning and painting makes a brighter spot



Georgia's New Look

Rural Georgia has started a grassroots revival and general face-lifting campaign that are a challenge to other communities

by LOIS MATTOX MILLER and JAMES MONAHAN

OUTSIDE Charlie Newton's hardware and furniture store in Buchanan, Ga., a roadgrader and a cement mixer raised a deafening racket. Carpenters and tinsmiths hammered away on the building next door. Across the road a crew unloaded trees and shrubbery for landscaping the courthouse lawn. All around town people were busy painting, planting, repairing, building. Buchanan was putting the finishing touches to the general face lifting that has made it one of the proudest of Georgia's "Better Home Towns."

"You should have seen this place before," says Charlie Newton, ruefully. "Thank the Lord, we had our eyes opened before the boys came home from the war."

Four years ago Buchanan (pronounced *Buch-anan*) was a sleepy, decrepit town of 504, and about 100 of that number were away with the armed forces. There were three stores, a bank, the county weekly, and four gas stations on U. S. Highway 27. Tourists rarely stopped there; the rutted red-mud streets and tumbledown buildings made you want to step on the gas.

Today Buchanan is a modern, progressive community, with more than 40 stores, a movie theater, a recreation center, and a 30-bed hospital. It is still agricultural, but now an air-conditioned shirt factory sweetens the local economy with a payroll of \$7000 weekly. The young folks assure you that Buchanan is a good place in which to live, start a business, raise a family. The population passed 1000 last year.

Buchanan is just one of the 250 small towns in rural Georgia that have shaken off their lethargy in the past four years and transformed themselves into attractive, progressive communities.

This grassroot revival began dramatically in July 1944, when Charles A. Collier, vice-president of the Georgia Power Company, returned from a tour of rural Georgia convinced that the state was hovering on the brink of disaster. He had a date in Atlanta that day to address the Georgia Press Association. Tossing aside his set speech, he launched into what the editors thought was another one of those boresome "what's-wrong-with-Georgia" tirades.

When he declared that Georgia had "overdrawn Nature's savings account" his listeners almost yawned. Every Georgian knew that unhappy fact. Rich timberlands were wastefully cut away; farmland worked on a one-crop system until depleted and eroded; mineral resources sold as raw materials with no attempt to increase their value by manufacturing.

"But if natural resources were all we wasted, that would be bad enough," said Collier. "We've wasted a resource far more precious—our young people! Between 1920 and 1940, 59 per cent of rural Georgians between the ages of 15 and 30 moved out of the state."

Then Collier tossed a bombshell. "Right now we have about 350,000 native Georgians in the armed forces.

Today they are better trained, more ambitious than when they left. They'll be coming home soon. But do you think they will settle in Georgia? Why should they?"

Collier, a fourth-generation Georgian, jolted the editors with some plain facts. Rural Georgia, with most of the state's population, was a depressing pattern of dilapidated towns, unpaved roads, fly-blown country stores, sagging buildings, eroded land. "Our small towns need everything: better agriculture, small industries, better service establishments," he said. "But most of all they need to be cleaned up, painted up, spruced up—rebuilt entirely if necessary. So let's not rush out seeking big industries. Let's do first things first. Make rural Georgia a decent, attractive place to live. The young people, if they stay, will do the rest."

The next day Collier's fiery challenge was flashed around the state. There was nothing new about it; everyone had to admit the familiar facts. But there was this new urgency: Was the old home town appealing enough to hold the returning veteran? Small towns that wanted to hear Collier personally swamped him with speaking dates. He induced the Georgia Power Company

to back his Better Home Towns program with an advertising budget, assign some of its field personnel to the project, and allow him a free hand. Then he stumped the state.

Collier cautioned against too ambitious plans. "Begin with the simple things that will make this town a better place in which to live and work," he advised. "When it begins to look like a progressive town, it will be a progressive town."

During the spring of 1945 more than 100 towns set up Better Home Town communities and got busy with rakes, wheelbarrows, hammers, and paintbrushes. Boy Scout troops cleared weeds and rubbish from vacant lots. Garden clubs landscaped churchyards and courthouse lawns. Stores, homes, picket fences were repaired and painted. No homeowner wanted to be outdone by his neighbor. Each merchant strove to have the best-looking store front.

Paved streets, sidewalks, street lights, water and sewage systems cost public money. Many an incorporated town looked for the first time at its tax rolls and found them antiquated. With the help of municipal experts provided by the power company, modern tax analyses were prepared, disclosing untapped sources of revenue for civic improvement.

In town after town the BHT analysis—a frank listing of assets and liabilities on a form questionnaire—revealed an urgent need for new service establishments—laundries, dry cleaners, drugstores, auto repair and electrical shops, restaurants, movies, bowling alleys. Small industries were needed to process agricultural products and other resources that were being sold cheaply as raw materials. Here were opportunities for ambitious veterans who sought sound business ventures in which to invest GI loans.

For instance, Cleveland, a pokey town

in the shadow of the Great Smokies, had nine little stores, a post office, the county weekly, and a population of 471 when it embarked on its first clean-up campaign in the spring of 1945. "We started from scratch, having nothing, needing practically everything," says ex-mayor E. J. Huff. The town's oldest resident, 84-year-old H. D. Wiley recalls: "I told that committee I'd settle for the blessing of taking a bath in my own bathtub with running water just once before I die."

WILEY got his wish. Cleveland completed its water system last year. It has also paved all streets and sidewalks within town limits, installed street lights, and planted new shade trees on the town square. The nine original stores have been renovated. Veterans have added to the business community a dry cleaning establishment, two auto agencies, a large hardware and home accessories store, a cement-block plant and building-supplies company, and a slick new movie (two shows daily, four on Saturday).

Cliff Blalock, former Air Force officer, started a lumber business in 1945; last year he grossed \$500,000 shipping seasoned lumber as far away as Florida and Pennsylvania. Two young Clevelanders who had gone off to seek their fortunes elsewhere returned to start the Allison Fender and Body Works after they heard that "Cleveland had come to life."

Cleveland's population is now 600 and rising. The People's Bank was established in 1946—capitalization \$35,000, all shares held by local citizens. Its deposits are in excess of \$1,500,000. The Cleveland Development Corporation, locally financed, is working on a plant for the manufacture of wood products which will employ 150 persons.

Among the new businesses in Hazelhurst operated by local boys are the

Charles P. Cook Company, employing 200, which turns out wooden products for General Motors, Sears Roebuck, and other national manufacturers; the Bramblett-Peede Company, store fixtures and furniture; and the Columbia Naval Stores Company, which annually handles \$1,000,000 worth of gums, resins, and turpentine produced by the farmers and timber growers in southern Georgia.

Finally, the BHT movement has generated a kind of try-and-stop-me attitude among Georgians that makes a game of doing the impossible. For instance, Ochlocknee (population 429) couldn't find anyone to build homes in the \$3500 price range. Contractors and builders said it couldn't be done. The local Lions Club took the dare, built and sold the first home for \$3500, the second for \$3200—both at a profit. The Lions are now in the building business—with profits going to a fund for civic improvement.

Back in Buchanan, Charlie Newton calls the whole phenomenon "bluebirding." After the town cleaned up and took a realistic look at the future in 1945, the BHT committee knew that they needed a small industry to enliven the town.

"Well, you know how a bluebird just hates to build a nest," Newton told the committeemen. "But if you build the nest, you get a bluebird every time."

SO they raised \$23,000 and built a 100 x 160 foot concrete building with steel sash and a sound roof, floor to be laid and windows installed according to the tenant's specifications. After two other manufacturers had made bids for the finished building, the Arrow shirt people bought it and moved in, paying the BHT committee dollar for dollar on its investment and bringing a \$7000 weekly payroll into town.

They're nesting bluebirds all through Georgia nowadays.



↑ **NEW LOOK:** A respectable and even attractive back yard

← **OLD LOOK:** A clutter of pig pens, rubbish, and outhouses

Hunan Weasels

by WILLIAM WHELAN, C.P.



WHAT can one write about altar boys? Like human nature, they are the same the world over. Angelic-looking imps, with flowing red cassocks and starched surplices, and sometimes—horror of horrors—Buster Brown collars, a form of torture the medievalists slipped up on but which modern pastors devised, which half choke the angelic imps, but make their necks look clean.

But, don't get me wrong! I'm not anti-altar boy! In fact, I've risen from the ranks, having served from the fourth grade till the completion of the eighth, when I was honorably discharged. I probably would have been dishonorably discharged before that, but the good curate didn't know all that went on.

After me, two other brothers also served, but a third failed to make the grade. I learned from hearsay that he was rejected because he couldn't sing! They must have jacked up the requirements since I was in the fourth grade.

Time slipped along since those early days, and finally I found that I had changed places. It was a Holy Thursday and I was the hawk-eyed curate with one eye on the rubrics and the other on the boys kneeling across the way on the Gospel side. I didn't have to worry about their hair, because it was clipped after the fashion of Chinese boys. I thought their necks looked clean, even though they didn't wear Buster Brown collars. I couldn't see their ragged clothing, because it was hidden under crimson finery freshly laundered, and though I didn't consider their sockless feet encased in cloth slippers too beautiful to behold, I was sure the Lord didn't mind. He understands so much more than we!

Their appearance however, belied

their behavior. When they weren't so sure I was watching, with faces uncreased by a smile, they were surreptitiously tormenting one another. And it was during the Mass!

I struggled for a reasonable judgment. I could think of a day when a lad who should have known better than these had put up a fight for the privilege of ringing the bell, and of a time when in the sacristy after a funeral Mass, no less, he had socked one of his best friends in the eye. He also must have looked more or less angelic, because the good Sister seemed so surprised when she inquired about the black eye and found out who had done it!

But when after the Consecration, one of my boys pushed the lad kneeling in front of him with the result that three or four went down like wooden soldiers standing in a row, I decided that was enough for the present. I took the worst offenders into the sacristy and told them to go home. Then I weakened. "You can come back tomorrow," I said. They didn't.

The humble Vicariate of Yuanling, a couple of thousand miles from nowhere, but somewhere around the central part of the province of Hunan, which may be found if you scan a sufficiently large map of China, finally saw the day when it passed from the ranks of Vicariates and entered those of dioceses, to march shoulder to shoulder with (though perhaps a little less smartly uniformed than) Brooklyn, Trenton, Buffalo, and the rest.

And of course for the memorable day when the Vicar Apostolic had his title changed to that of Ordinary, we had to have altar boys. But what to do? In the presence of so many visitors, both

Catholic and non-Catholic, we had to have a group that would be well-behaved, and our boys were a cause of worry, as they were awed by neither dignitaries nor crowds, fearing only the Sister sacristan, whose mere look had a more salutary effect than a tirade of threats from the curate. We could of course have issued a strict "exclusion act" and taken only the dependables, but they were a bit too few in number, and might be looked upon by the rest of the gang as a bunch of fancy pants—which isn't too good for boyhood's morale.

We had then in Yuanling the champion boy trainer of the Orient, one Father Michael Anthony, who if he reads this will probably be embarrassed no end, and since he doesn't indulge in swearing will be unable to express his feelings. To him was entrusted the job of getting the altar boys into shape. Having a more fertile imagination than I, he promptly dubbed them the "Weasels." The best I could think of was the all too prosaic "Indians." "Weasels" hit them right on the nose.

The plan of operation was this. All the eligibles were to be selected at the start, but the first breach of discipline was to be the last—the violator was to be bounced from the altar boys, at least till after the celebration. The boys were warned and the practices began. The first casualty was none other than the *pao chang's* elder son. The *pao chang* is a sort of ward boss, and maybe his son relied on his dad's position to insure immunity. If so, he was mistaken. During one of the rehearsals he mistook the sanctuary for a stage and began to put on an act for the benefit of the others. Out he went, and the boy trainer looked around with the

expression of "who's next?" No one else went that day.

As Ascension Day drew near, the original twenty-four or so had been cut down to about sixteen, most of the departees having departed for failing at least five times to show up for practice. Most of those in the discard were the bigger and tougher of the lot, though one of those remaining was big enough and tough enough to handle any of the dismissed. He was the more or less quiet type who minded his own business and wanted no one else minding it for him. They wouldn't bother him. But one day we saw three or four of the departed talking earnestly with some of the still remaining. When they spotted us watching they let out a chorus of "Hello, *Sen Fu*" and put on a lot of polite grins. We weren't so easily fooled. We found out by questioning that they had been threatening the littler ones not to serve on the altar "or else." The dishonorably discharged were beginning to realize that they would not be invited back and were doing a bit of picketing.

Ascension Day dawned and the boys went through their paces without a hitch. The services were long to be sure, but there wasn't much fidgeting. Before the sermon the boys lined up and marched outside the sacristy door where they remained till the preacher had finished. Then they marched nobly back, bearing the torches, for it was nearing the Sanctus time anyway.

There was only one casualty. During the sermon, I found one of the altar boys rather droopily plucking flowers in the garden. He was close to tears and in a pout that made his lips protrude like one of those saucer-lipped natives you see somewhere in Africa (or is it New Zealand?). He was the *pao chang's* second son who had stuck through the practice and looked as though he had made the grade. I suspected something wrong, but simply told him to go into the church and attend the Mass with the rest of the nonaltar boys. I found

out later that he had come in with his confreres at the beginning of the sermon, marching piously enough, but once in the sacristy, had let out a tremendous "*Dominus vobiscum*" in imitation of the celebrant. He kept marching—out the door!

The rest of the day was of no concern for the altar boys until the time for Solemn Benediction, when they turned up with faces none too clean for the event. If they thought to squeeze by they were mistaken. The boy trainer collared them all and gathered them around the mission pump, where he used the water plentifully (no soap, because soap is at a premium) and then passed them on to the Sister sacristan.

One of the honorables who didn't make the grade for the big day was Kung Thomas, just about turned nine years of age. He was a Christian of little more than a year's standing whose stepmother is a pagan. When Thomas began to realize that worshipping idols is against the first commandment, he cast a worrisome glance at his mother's kitchen shrine, decided to act on his belief, and pulled down the signs of idolatry in his home. When the storm broke he ran to Sister Loretta for protection and stayed away from home for the rest of the day. His father came around and tried to settle matters. Thomas it seems had said that one day he would be master of the house, and no idols were going to be in his home. But the father wanted to know if for the sake of peace, his pagan wife couldn't be allowed to keep her idols?

Thomas was baptized and received First Communion on Easter Sunday. All things considered, he was apparently well instructed and knew his rights and obligations. But in the evening before Benediction he came to me where I knelt in the back of the church and gently whispered: "*Wei Sen Fu*, am I going to be baptized again tonight?"

Thomas was one of the first-class altar boys, being of little trouble to anyone.

But on the day of the installation he was among the absent. Like so many of our Chinese youngsters, Thomas had T.B. The germs settled in his glands, and when practice was going on he was walking around with Chinese plasters on his neck. His folks hadn't too much confidence in foreign medicine. He failed rapidly and was soon in the hospital, apparently until the end. But one day when we went to look for him he was gone! Without a word to anyone his dad had taken him home.

A couple of weeks later the Sister sent for me to go and see a small boy on the street. Shortly before, I told her to keep an eye on a small pagan lad who insisted on coming to the Communion rail with the Christians, and I thought the call had some connection with the case. But the summons was for Kung Thomas, who lay on a board in father's shop with a dirty covering and a piece of punk burning to keep the mosquitoes and flies away.

I was shocked when I saw the little Weasel—he had little more than skin stretched over his frame. There was little doubt that he wasn't going to last long, so I went home for the Holy Oils. On the way I picked up Fr. Aloysius, who thus came on his first sick call in Yuanling. I anointed Thomas, with Fr. Aloysius assisting, and both of us sweating gum drops, because summer in Yuanling is no joke. We had an audience, of course, mostly pagan, but we have to ignore the crowd on such occasions and anyway it helps to let them watch. Thomas rallied for awhile after the anointing, but could not receive Viaticum, being unable to swallow the Host. A couple of days more and he had gone to his heavenly home.

And now perhaps he realizes why we try to instill reverence into our boys, and is praying for the other Weasels that they too may make the grade in the examination for the eternal altar boys who won't need crimson cassocks and starched surplices to make them look angelic, because they will be.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO BARBERIS



SADNESS UNTO DEATH

by ALFRED WILSON, C.P.

The pagans saw no useful purpose that

sadness could serve. It took Christ to teach

us that it could be enlisted as an ally

A GREAT master is never fully appreciated by his pupils unless they have already studied the same subject matter with other masters. Because clear thinking makes difficult problems seem easy, immature minds fail to realize with what taut straining of the fibers of the brain lucidity is achieved. For instance, it is difficult for us to assess our debt to Chesterton and Belloc, because many of the ideas which they labored to establish are now taken for granted. Ideas which their force and lucidity have made commonplace struck the last generation with the shock of a new revelation.

Infinitely more impossible is it to assess our debt to the Divine Master. Modern civilization lives on His tradition—even that part of it that rejects him. That is, where it does still live. Where His tradition is dying, civilization is dying with it. We who inherit the Christian tradition, with its certainty, cohesion, clarity, and finality, cannot realize the mental confusion and moral despair that preceded it.

An interesting illustration of the revolution in human thought which Christ caused is given by the question of sadness. Before the time of Christ, men's only attitude towards sadness was escapism. The Jews looked upon temporal prosperity and happiness as a sign of God's approval. Sadness was an indication of divine dereliction to be avoided at any cost. For the Gentiles, sadness was the main blight of life and their reaction against it determined their philosophy of life. The Epicureans tried to shut it out by self-indulgence. The Stoics attempted to make themselves immune from its shafts by deadening their feelings. The pessimists, then as now, derived a morbid satisfaction from indulging in the doleful dumps.

It took Christ to see that sadness could be enlisted as an ally, if not as a friend. The pagans saw no useful purpose that it could serve. And, besides, was not sadness a sign and effect of weakness? The Stoics thought so, and Stoic philosophy still has many unwitting clients. People who have used the privilege of friendship and poured out their sorrows and fears into the willing ear of a sympathetic friend usually end their tale by becoming sheepish and

apologetic. If they have allowed a few tears to escape, they feel humiliated. The tears of Christ have made little impression. The divine weakness of Gethsemani is not understood.

Yet there is something to be said for the Stoic philosophy. Experience teaches that unreasonable indulgence of sadness weakens and unbalances character. The expression and relief of sadness is not virtuous unless it is kept rigidly within the boundaries set for it by reason. And that is why the sadness of Christ must have been inconceivably terrible. His sadness was reasonable, and reasonable in a unique sense.

The sadness of ordinary humans is initially a passion over which they have no control; their control is limited to giving expression and relief to sadness. Sadness, however, had no right of entry into Our Lord's soul, and could afflict Him only by His permission, and to the extent to which He gave it permission. His sadness was reasonable in its intensity as well as in its expression. He embraced sadness as a means of making satisfaction for sin, and sin as an offense against the infinite goodness of God is calculated to excite infinite sadness in one who fully understands its malice. Christ's sadness, therefore, because it was supremely reasonable and in perfect conformity with the highest virtue, must have been of infinite intensity—or, at least, of an intensity as nearly infinite as was possible in a created nature. His human nature, since it was created and finite, could not possibly sustain a strictly infinite sadness; nevertheless, His sadness had to be as nearly infinite as God could make it, otherwise it would have been neither strictly reasonable nor virtuous.

AGAIN we are faced with mystery beyond the reach of human understanding. If we could measure and understand His sadness, it would not be what it is—all but infinite. Yet we must do our best to try to understand, and perhaps a comparison will help us. If by a miraculous divine arrangement all the angels of heaven were to begin to sorrow to the limit of their capacity, the combined sorrow of all those multi-multi-billions of marvelous creatures would be less, and immeasurably less,

than our Saviour's sadness in the Garden of Gethsemani.

In view of this, it is evident that we must interpret literally our Lord's words: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." The medical world is familiar with the idea of people dying through excess of grief. If excess of grief has ever killed anyone, surely it should have killed Our Saviour in the Garden? Life was preserved in His poor battered humanity by the sustaining power of His Divinity; but the Divinity did not prevent Him from enduring all the torments of a death-agony, of agony "even unto death."

The physical sufferings of Gethsemani were terrible—the heart attack, the sweat of blood, the nervous prostration, the weakness: but we must not forget that the principal sufferings were interior. Our Lord could say:

"I have that within that passeth show:

These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

The terrible physical sufferings were but the fringe, the overflow, of an all but infinitely more terrible agony within. The spiritual crucifixion of Gethsemani was probably more terrible than the atrocious physical sufferings of Calvary, just as the spiritual pains of the damned are more terrible than their physical sufferings.

CLOSE study of the Passion of Christ convinces that in His sufferings "abyss calleth upon abyss." The vision of the offended infinite goodness of God caused Him all but infinite sadness; another quasi-infinite sadness was caused by the vision of the sufferings of the human race. St. Bonaventure asserts that Our Saviour's agony of compassion was greater than His Passion. The sight of the sufferings of those we love often causes us greater agony than our own personal sufferings. The stigmata of the saints are an instructive example of what intense compassion can do. Their sympathy for their suffering Saviour was so intense that it caused the marks of His wounds to be reproduced in their own bodies.

Reverse the process. In Gethsemani Christ saw all the sufferings of all His children of all time, and His infinite compassion made His sensitive Soul suffer more than they. Their individual and separate sufferings were reproduced, and even intensified, in His Soul, and, to some extent, in His Body. There is not a toothache or a backache, or any other sort of ache, however minor, that you have ever endured or ever will endure, that Christ did not endure with you. Every single suffering of our lives cost Him far more than it has or will cost us. We must not forget either that

(Continued on page 60)



the Other Side

"I believe it's your deal, sir."

Harvey Furness was startled. He looked at the cards young Kimball had cut for him. "Of course," he said. "This mountain air seems to be making my mind wander." With apologetic haste he put the halves of the deck together and began to deal.

The hands were agile enough. The nails were immaculate. But the fingers, he noticed, were growing thinner and the knuckles appeared larger, like knobs. His gold crest-ring was loose on the little finger. Should have it made smaller, he thought, otherwise might lose it sometime. But the necessity for such an al-

teration disgusted him. There was no point in meeting age more than half way. Let the beast stalk awhile; it would leap soon enough.

Veins and tendons channeled from beneath his shirt cuffs and raced like the shallow roots of a tree to the various digits. No wrinkles, at any rate. Maybe if he were a fat man there would be wrinkles. Let's see, who was there that was heavy and fifty-six? Ed Gaines? No . . . he was well over sixty.

"Your bid, sir."

Couldn't the young whelp forget the "sir" even up here in these godforsaken mountains? Was it the bank hierarchy,

the aura that surrounded the senior vice-president wherever he went? "Oh, wherever he was, wherever he went, Harvey was the senior vice-president! It was almost Gilbert and Sullivan.

"One spade," said Harvey.

"One no trump," said Berta Kimball. She mistook Harvey's preoccupation for dissatisfaction with Jim and was therefore very nervous. It was important to Jim Kimball that Harvey should like him; the bank was like that. So she had urged the Furnesses to visit Lake Look-out on their way back from Canada. A day or so high in the mountains, above the cages and marble counters and



ILLUS. BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

The spell of the silence and the moon and the girl's voice were upon Harvey

Jeanette's erect grayness, her echoed passion, made him only the more acutely conscious of his age. Jeanette was not unhandsome, but, oh, it was not handsomeness he sought. Harvey sought to outdistance the beast behind him before the sun should set and leave him in darkness.

When it grew late and time for them to leave the warmth of the Kimballs' cottage and cross the campus-like club grounds to their own, Harvey was genuinely sorry to go. Outside in the moonlight he could still feel the impression of Berta's hand clasping his, but when he closed his fist the sensation vanished and his hand was empty except for the rattling ring. He took Jeanette's arm. "Can you see, darling?"

"Thank you, yes." The moonlight was so strong it cast their shadows before them. Their footsteps were loud on the gravel. "It's nice here," she said, "but the altitude makes breathing an effort. I'll be glad to get on tomorrow."

"So will I." They rarely disagreed.

"I'm glad we saw the Kimballs. Berta was so anxious for you to come."

"She's a schemer." His tone was indignant. "Girls with eyes like that aren't to be trusted."

Jeanette patted his arm. "There, there," she said banteringly. "Her eyes are lovely, and you know it."

in a while. I'm a bit restless. Maybe I can walk it off."

"Don't be long." Jeanette knew these moods. She knew that attractive young women like Berta Kimball sometimes depressed her husband, and Jeanette knew why. But she was understanding enough to be neither jealous nor scornful. She would never have admitted it, even to herself, but it was not altogether unpleasant to see Harvey occasionally enshadowed by the grim cloud which attends all lovely women when they are alone and looking into a glass. It had menaced Jeanette until her fiftieth birthday. But instead of banishing all mirrors she had swept the coldcream jars from her dressing table, looked her reflection in the eye, and begun seriously collecting Belleek. From that day she stopped growing older.

Harvey found a path that led up a knoll behind the large communal dining cabin. It was a steep walk, but he did not permit himself to rest on the way. The trees had been cleared from the top of the small hill except for one large oak, which was encircled by a rustic bench. He sat gratefully upon it and leaned back against the rough bark. The moonlight turned the treetops into a billowy, undulating sea of silver in the valley below the camp. The pine needles and early leaves that carpeted the ground were like burnished gold at Harvey's feet, and the pale white light gave the spot a fragile, transient quality that even the great oak behind him could not solidify. It was as though even the

of the Moon

For a few moonlit hours, the world was Harvey's stage. Then the curtain came down on the drama—or was it a comedy?

by CHARLES CARVER

hushed sycophancy, would she hoped heighten Harvey Furness's impression of Jim as an individual.

Anxiety gave Bertha Kimball additional charm. She was a beautiful young woman with large brown eyes, a delicate complexion, and a lovely figure. Nervousness made her appealingly self-conscious, and she was the more radiant because the color was high in her cheeks.

Several times in the course of the evening Harvey Furness felt Berta appraising him, and his blood quickened unreasonably when their eyes met. Each time he would look quickly away toward his wife, but he was not comforted.

Lovely he thought. Lovely twenty years ago, fifteen years ago. Trapped by gray hair and reluctant dignity, if a man cried out to the lovely young eyes he was a quavering fool. And if they heard at all, the eyes would be first amused, then disgusted, then the light would drop from them and they would search covertly for some ladder-leaping youngster with a barrel chest and the strength of a sapling. Each to his own—the law was immutable.

He opened the door of their cottage and lit the light for Jeanette, but he could not bring himself to follow her in.

"You go ahead," he said. "I'll be along

oak tree might be capriciously whisked to the flies by the same unknown stagehand who had scattered the silver tinsel and the heady scent of the pines.

What a stage, thought Harvey. What an excellent stage! Tucking his right foot well under the crude bench and stretching his left leg indolently forward, the way he had seen Maurice Evans do, Harvey leaned forward and cupped his chin in his palm. The silences waited. "We are such stuff," he said slowly, "as dreams are made of. Our little life is rounded by a sleep. Bear with my weakness, sir, my old . . . my brain is troubled. A turn or two I'll walk."

He searched his memory for more. Like a man singing in the shower, the words did not matter—it was the rich-sounding quality that enchanted. "I will not jump with common spirits," intoned Harvey, "and rank me with the barbarous multitude. Whether 'tis better to suffer the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune . . ." Delighted, Harvey listened to the sonorous phrases fade.

His bent right foot was aching a bit so he stood up. He felt like a giant looking down on the tops of the trees below. He felt all-powerful. "Oh, west wind," he said, stretching the vowels, "thou breath of Autumn's being!"

There was a sneeze behind him. Harvey stood like stone. Time paused.

"I'm sorry," said a small voice. There was a long silence. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

IN dreadful embarrassment Harvey turned and looked back at the circular bench, then to each side of it. There was no one in view.

"Where are you?"

"Behind the tree." It was a girl's voice and he sensed no ridicule in it. "Don't go," it said. "I'll stay back here on my half of the bench."

"I thought I was alone," said Harvey accusingly.

"Sometimes I come up here in the evenings and sit," the small voice explained. "I fell asleep and you woke me. Are you an actor?"

Harvey hesitated. "Sometimes. In places like this." He sat down nervously. "You won't move, will you?"

She laughed quietly. "No," she answered. "We'll be two voices. You can tell a lot from a voice."

"Can you?" He was relaxing.

"Certainly." The spell of the silence and the moon and the girl's voice were upon Harvey. He leaned his head against the tree and closed his eyes. By the ample roots of the oak he laid the burden of his dignity, a whole knapsack full of obligatory posturings and habitual reflexes.

"What am I," he said, "doctor, lawyer, beggerman, thief?"

"None of those." In the exchange of confidences their voices were low. "I think you must be an actor in spite of what you say. Maybe you're an actor in disguise, pretending to be a stockbroker."

"Maybe."

"And I'll tell you what you look like, just from hearing your voice. You're about forty and your hair is steely at the temples." She seemed to be counting on her fingers, item by item. "You're taller than most, and quite thin. Your eyes are dark and piercing. You dress well. You have traveled all over the world and you like dogs. Am I close?"

CHARLES CARVER, graduate of Yale, class of 1838, served in the war as a Lieutenant in the Navy. This is his third appearance in the pages of **THE SIGN**.

"Quite close," said Harvey, and he did not mean to be misleading. To her he was these things.

There was a short silence. "Well, how about me?" she said. "Now you tell me what I'm like."

"You're young," he whispered. "You're about twenty-two."

He heard a faint gasp. "Exactly! How did you know?"

"That's not all—you have been to Europe, perhaps the year before the war, and your family took you to Paris, Munich, Lucerne, and probably Venice, where the canals secretly disappointed you." Harvey was simply filling in the background of the average young lady one would meet at Lookout Lake. "You have been to a Yale prom and you have a cabin at Lake Placid. But you don't go there as much as you once did. Now you spend most of your time in a large city. I think it's New York."

"My voice," the girl said. "You can tell all that just from hearing me speak?" She sounded very pleased.

"That and more," boasted Harvey.

"No. No more," she said. "Let's just sit." Her tone was far away. "Tell me, actor, what place in all the world is most like this? Where have we been that is like this?"

Harvey looked about him at the soft

~~~~~  
▶ **Drinking doesn't drown your sorrows; it merely irrigates them.**  
~~~~~

—Anon.

~~~~~  
boughs, the unreal dreamy landscape. He looked up and there were a few wisps of cloud drifting between their hill and the shining moon. The craters and the seas without water were plainly visible and formed a face.

"There is a spot like this," he said, "on the other side of the moon. We have been no place on earth this lovely."

"And it's just for actors, isn't it?" the voice pleaded.

"Exclusively," said Harvey.

He heard her move and for a panic-stricken moment was afraid she was rising to come around to him.

"My hand," she said. "Can you see it now?"

He looked to one side and saw her hand resting palm up on the rough bench near him. The trunk of the tree hid everything but the suppliant hand and a small part of the forearm.

"I can't lead you there," he said de-

fensively. "We'll meet there some time." The hand did not move away. "Don't you realize the spell would break if I were to touch you?"

"It wouldn't," she whispered urgently. "I know it wouldn't. Not here."

"Anywhere," he said slowly, "except maybe the other side of the moon." The fact that it was he, Harvey, who was refusing the proffered hand made him strangely jubilant. His knapsack was not nearly so heavy as he rose silently and strode down the winding path without looking back. He was humming and he banged the door when he walked into the cottage. Jeanette smiled sleepily. "Hush," she said.

Stiff and sleepy the next morning, Harvey followed Jeanette over to the rustic dining room. They were anxious to make an early start. A waitress poured them hot coffee.

"Two glasses of orange juice and two soft-boiled eggs," said Harvey, "and will you make it as fast as you can?"

The orange juice came promptly, but the eggs were long delayed. When they finally arrived Harvey's was cold. He beckoned impatiently to the girl. "This egg is stone cold," he said bitterly. "Can't you get me a hot one? We're in a hurry."

"I'm sorry, sir." They were the first words the girl had spoken. Startled, Harvey looked up at her. That voice! But her expression, except for a barely perceptible smile, was perfectly impassive. For an appalled second, while the blood rushed to his cheeks, he searched her eyes for a sign.

"All right! All right!" He made his voice rasping and petulant, as unnatural as he was able. Of course it was absurd. Surely his imagination.

The waitress smiled at Jeanette. "The chef's moonstruck," she explained. "I'll watch over him this time." Good humoredly she took the plate back into the kitchen.

Harvey rose. "Orange juice is enough," he announced quickly. "Let's get going." Without waiting for assent he walked rapidly from the room. Jeanette followed in bewilderment.

**E**VEN after they were well on their way she wondered. "You were a perfect beast to her," she said. "A young girl like that! Harvey, it just wasn't like you."

"Wasn't it?"

"You left a very poor impression, you may be sure." But her words made him more pleased than repentant. He patted her knee and made a face at her. Suddenly it was terribly amusing—all of it—and he laughed aloud. Then he began humming to himself as they sped homeward along the highway.

# Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

## EXILE ENDS IN GLORY

By Thomas Merton. 311 pages.

Bruce Publishing Company. \$3.75

Emulation of the exact life pattern of the saints, canonized or not, is dangerous for the layman and is not recommended without spiritual direction. But such a life as Mother Berchmans' serves its purpose by reminding us of our own miserable shortcomings and by rousing in us a desire to be better. Before such a life we can only repeat with one of her own companions, Mother Gertrude: "My God, I congratulate You on having a Berchmans like her, but I am sorry You have to have a (name) like me."

Scarcely had she been professed in the Trappistine community at Laval in France when Mother Berchmans volunteered, on the command of her confessor, to go to Japan to help restore the foundation there. This was in 1902. Determined as she said "to be a saint if it kills me," her exile was the means God chose of sanctifying this soul for Himself alone. Stability, that is, a single-minded love for the community of a Trappist's profession, is one of their vows. Only in the light of this can one realize the pain that this exile caused in Mother Berchmans' heart. But after she made her vow of stability again in Japan her memories of Laval and the community there left her, and she lived through years of incredible spiritual and physical agonies, not the least of which was her death from tuberculosis in 1915. The Japanese community of Trappistines is today the largest in the world and is entirely Japanese and independent of European assistance. This is a monument to Mother Berchmans for it was she who, as mistress of novices, trained the Japanese girls in the virtue that was needed to establish and sustain this community.

Contrary to the popular appeal claimed for it by the publishers, this biography of a Trappist nun written by a Trappist monk will be appreciated only by Trappists or other religious. Not that the discriminating lay reader will fail to be enchanted by the author's painless prose or to marvel at his mastery of and skillful arrangement of pertinent detail. Nor will the same reader fail to realize that the author's expert

and sympathetic interpretation of the interior life and mystical experience of this obscure Trappistine springs from his own deep and abiding Cistercian spirit. One wonders how much is Mother Berchmans and how much is the Trappist author, Thomas Merton.

There is one spectacular circumstance to be noted in the life of Mother Berchmans, and that is that her union with Christ had nothing at all spectacular about it. No visions, no voices, no "firing squad or guillotine like the Cistercian nuns martyred at Orange during the French Revolution." No "hangman's rope like our martyrs in England and Ireland. . . . Hers was to be the more Cistercian martyrdom, the bloodless martyrdom . . . obedience to the rule, to superiors, and to God's good pleasure in all the events of her ordinary life."

FORTUNATA CALIRI

## BITE THE BULLET

By Dorothy Wayman.

229 pages.

Bruce Publishing Company. \$4.00

During the Civil War, wounded soldiers were given quinine to help deaden their pain. But, as often happened there was not enough to go around. The doctor would place a bullet in the victim's mouth so that he could grind his teeth upon it and thus help him bear up under the terrible suffering. Since then, "bite the bullet" has been a slogan for courage in time of suffering and adversity.

When one reads Mrs. Wayman's autobiography one becomes aware of the many times she had to "bite the bullet." There was no drug that could deaden the pain of her loneliness and suffering. Left alone in Japan as a young mother with three babies, she had to summon all possible courage to face the future. She entered upon the difficult and economically uncertain career of a writer. She tells of her rejection slips and her despair; of her triumphs at unexpected times—times when she was actually tempted to commit suicide. Later she landed a job with the *Boston Globe* as



D. WAYMAN

their Cape Cod reporter. Her many years in this work were filled with excitement and thrills. As a reporter, she saw human nature at its best and worst. She tells of her interviews with celebrities; of how she was the first woman to get an interview with Henry Ford. There is a humorous story of how she obtained an exclusive picture of the Lindberghs on their honeymoon yacht. She tells of the founding of the playhouse at the Cape that sent many talented actors to Hollywood. She gives a very dramatic account of the rodeo strike in the Boston Gardens, and how she played a leading role in it. There are several very vivid and gruesome accounts of murders. She had an inside track on the Lindbergh kidnapping case, and tells much about it.

She concludes her story with an account of conversion to the Catholic faith which, she says, brought real peace even amidst physical suffering.

If you enjoy autobiographies, you will read this with avidity. One could take issue about the arrangement of the matter. The personal element at times seems to be overdramatized, but the sheer fascination of the story more than makes up for any faults detected.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

## MAURICE BARING

By Laura Lovat

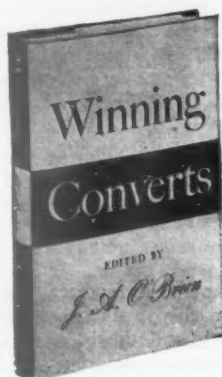
116 pages.

Sheed and Ward.

\$2.00

Maurice Baring was linguist, scholar, and Christian gentleman. He was an artist with words which wore the expression of beautiful thought and conviction and culture; and he knew that most perfect artistry, the full living of a Christian life. His effortless charm was welcomed in the salons of celebrities in England and the continent. It also visited, as heartfelt friend, the toils and the sorrows of little ones and the oppressed. And then in December 1945 Maurice Baring died amid his adopted family, the family of Laura Lovat in Scotland. And now Laura Lovat reminisces in a delightful postscript, adding some of the verse and the letters of Maurice who was so humbly appreciative when it was said that in a very Christian sense he wrote with the penetration of grace. Indeed the Christian grace of his living and his writing were





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the fruit of his conversion to Catholicism in 1909.

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AUGUSTINE P. MC CARTHY, C.P.

## IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH

By Rev. Fr. Brice C.P. 357 pages.  
Frederick Pustet Co. \$4.00

Saint Paul of the Cross was one of the greatest of mystics. He was also a director of souls. Out of about two thousand of his letters which have come down to us, many are letters of direction.



FR. BRICE

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fine, and I am delighted at her physical blindness, because the eyes of her soul will see better. Console her often—poor little one—it will be a great work of mercy." He could be whimsical too. Agnes Grazi thought she had had a vision of him. He writes to her: "About what happened Tuesday Evening, laugh over it. The devil assumed the figure of someone who resembled him, and he could not have made a better choice".

DAMIAN REID C.P.

## WITNESSES FOR FREEDOM

By Rebecca Chalmers Barton. 294 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50

This is an interpretation of twenty-three modern Negro autobiographies, prepared under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. The studies are arranged in four natural divisions.

"The accommodators" include Booker T. Washington and William Pickens, men marked by self-discipline, humility, compromise with white direction, and accepted as persons unique in their kind.

"The achievers" depict the work of a bicycle rider, an aviator, an explorer, and a musician, W. C. Handy, whose careers "entitled them to social mobility" and thus freed them from the "stigma of racial inferiority," as others might express it. These were always aware of their racial identity, but did not fight against it.

"The experimenters" include the critic W. C. Braithwaite, the singer Taylor Gordan, and the novelist and poet Claude McKay. These, in the main, "have no axe to grind for the group"; they admire or dislike individuals as individuals. That they are the happiest in the volume is grudgingly admitted in the section title: "Flights to Happiness." "Their accommodation is not marred by resentment or shame but is merely a quest for happiness in a crazy world." Up to this point, many of the choices were men who professed a religious faith: *Dark Symphony*, by Elizabeth Laura Adams, is the record of a sensitive California Negro's conversion to Catholicism, and the staunchness of her convictions in spite of continuing social snobbery. Nothing is said of the similar conversion of Claude McKay; nor is it admitted that he abandoned Communism, although Angelo Herndon's political renunciation is stressed.

The last section, "protesters for a new freedom," presents rebels in varying degrees: W. E. B. DuBois, Angelo Herndon, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson, and Richard Wright. "They are too widely informed and too observant to accept the status quo of society." Authority, they hold, is hypocritical and hostile. "As a result, they show a marked tendency to be critical of both capitalism and organized religion." To them,

democracy is something humanitarian; religion a sense of brotherhood.

The entire interpretation depends, in large part, on which side one takes regarding the Negro Renaissance of a few years ago. Mrs. Barton feels that this was a great movement, producing genuine culture in New York, the largest Negro city in the world. I feel that it was a striking example of Negro submission to white criticism, a pandering to white taste, and an acceptance of white standards far more venal than that attributed to Washington. The result was that the Negro expressed himself as his white patrons dictated. I prefer Braithwaite's unbending conviction that a writer is great because he is a writer. I dislike the tendency toward minority group emotionalism—even though it means writing about what an author may have personally experienced. It results too often in special pleading. The present Irish-Catholic novel is an illustration in point.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN

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HELEN WALKER HOMAN

**FATHER JAILLET, SADDLEBAG  
PRIEST OF THE NUCES**

By Sister Mary Xavier, I.W.B.S.

Von Boeckman—Jonas.

Perusal into the history of the Catholic Church in America in any aspect is fascinating indeed, and this chronological account of the life of a priest who figured prominently in laying the foundations of the Church in Texas is no exception. A tale of self-sacrifice and heroism amidst almost insurmountable obstacles, it holds the reader's interest and fires his imagination.

The author, a Sister of the Incarnate Word and Blessed Sacrament, tells her story with great sympathy, since she lives in the convent adjoining the church in Corpus Christi where Father Jaillet was pastor for many years. She has done a masterly job of research, but, on the debit side, her style is monotonous and her dialogue stilted. Not a few will be inspired by this faithful portrayal of a good priest's life of accomplishment, but this reviewer wishes that certain necessary professional touches had been applied to it before publication.

ELIZABETH SLOYAN

**THE UN-MARXIAN SOCIALIST**

By Henri de Lubac, 304 pages.

Sheed and Ward. \$3.50

The author of this book is one of the most powerful and influential thinkers in France today. He is also one of the most articulate Catholic theologians.

In the light of the latter qualification, it is fortunate that Pere de Lubac has turned to Proudhon, who once remarked how astonishing it is that in all political questions one always comes up against theology. Because of the violence of his language, which frequently, however, veils a moderate thought, many historians have failed to take Proudhon seriously. Others have studied him principally as a political economist and have thereby failed to grasp what is essential in the man.

Pere de Lubac reveals his subject as fundamentally a moral, rather than a social, reformer, one who always went beneath the social surface to the religious roots of a problem. Endowed with a strong Biblical culture, he tackled

such questions as man's origin and original sin, predestination, redemption, free will and grace, and the neverceasing problem of God Himself. Despite his lack of spiritual depth which forced him to "anti-theism" and an attempt to divorce morals from metaphysics, he was a theologian in his own way.

Proudhon especially emerges as a staunch supporter of the dignity of the individual man. His fears for individual liberty led him to distrust the collective absolute of Marxian philosophy.

Serious students of modern thought will welcome this penetrating evaluation of a nineteenth-century thinker whose emphasis on the independence of the human personality is a refreshing change from the deification of collectivity.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE

**THE WELL OF COMPASSION**

By David Alman.

278 pages.

Simon and Schuster.

\$3.00

A story of inter-racial marriage between a Negro man and a white woman. Since neither of the principals has a grain of ethical sense or intent, the consequent emotional and social stress cracks the marriage wide open. The reader suspects that the author is pointing to the accident of color and race as an occasion of cruel injustice. He is saying: "Here is a colored man who was victimized." However, the story does not say that. It simply tells of a woman who would not have had the character to remain faithful to any man—no matter what his color—or to any course of action, once the going got hard. The author is really saying nothing more than: "Here is a man who was victimized."



DAVID ALMAN

Lock Sharon is a colored artist who is rather mysteriously inspired and haunted by the memory of a paramour, Bright Jason, who has died of T.B. He attempts to paint an idealization of her. This eventually brings him to the notice of Miss Jo, who has an art shop and buys paintings in a small way. She becomes infatuated with Lock and manages to marry herself to him. After a few inevitable skirmishes with discrimination, Miss Jo, in as giddy a fashion as she married Lock, brushes him off.

All the while, Melia, a Jewish girl and a friend of Jo's, takes a rather sane and helpful view of the matter. She is confidante both to Lock and to Jo. Her attitude tells what she thinks of such a matrimonial adventure. It is only for heroes; and her pals are not heroes. A man may marry a woman of another color. That is his right.

All the while, Melia, a Jewish girl and a friend of Jo's, takes a rather sane and helpful view of the matter. She is confidante both to Lock and to Jo. Her attitude tells what she thinks of such a matrimonial adventure. It is only for heroes; and her pals are not heroes. A man may marry a woman of another color. That is his right.

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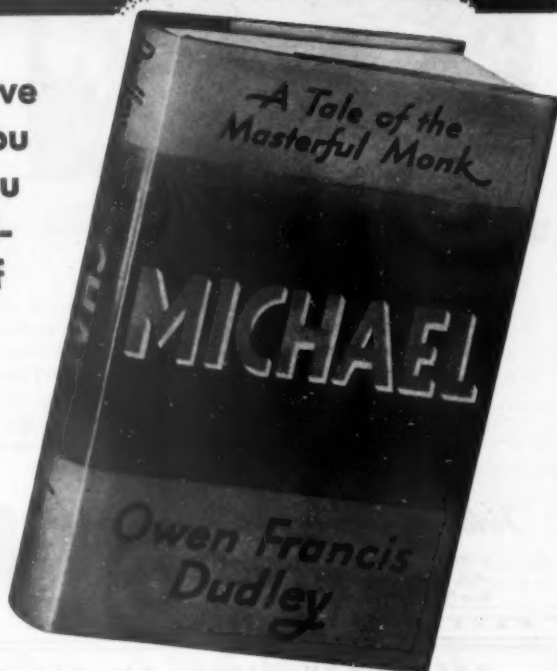
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But he cannot expect society to perform a cataclysmic about-face and give him the preferential treatment which it denied to his brother yesterday. Melia sympathizes with these victims of discrimination, treats them kindly, but considers them rash. And that must remain the sound opinion until that happy day when English-speaking society grows up.

The dynamism of the message is vested in this minor character. Unfortunately the dramatic effort is packed, at times somewhat frantically, into the doings of Lock and Jo. The effect on the reader is like hearing a vague sound and looking around baffled to discover where it comes from.

Mr. Alman refrains from utilizing many opportunities which would invite erotic treatment. He has gifts; but he must forget Freud and get a grip on them.

MARTIN TANNEY

## HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

By Brother Angelus Gabriel, F.S.C.  
700 pages. Declan X. McMullen Co. \$8.50

There has been much discussion whether the presentation of history can be called a science. This work proves that it can be an art. Copious notes and references make this volume learned. A brisk, journalistic style makes it pleasant and interesting. The subject matter told simply and without guile provides much food for thought. When other Religious Orders confect a history of their institute, Brother Angelus Gabriel's book should be their model.

A quarter century of research by the late Brother Albeus Jerome forms the groundwork for the author. A foreword by Cardinal Spellman, who has met the Christian Brothers all over the globe, expresses the gratitude of the Church for their labors. A delightfully disarming letter from Brother Emile, Superior General, gives God Alone the glory for 1,582 American Christian Brothers, 90 American Schools, and 43,000 trained American youths.

Candor and spirit mark the book. Examples of great sacrifice, charity, and adherence to principle, which have given the Christian Brothers their good spirit and *esprit de corps*, abound. The Brothers lost a school because they preferred to be obedient to their own Superiors in a matter regarding only four class hours. In 1899 the Brothers lost the good will of the hierarchy, many schools, and more than half their pupils by accepting without a murmur an order from the Holy See to stop teaching Latin in their then missionary American schools. Such patient resignation caused the Pope to reverse this decision

THE SIGN

in 1923. Strong men of principle these. The Brothers are faithful friends and give the Passionists this glowing tribute: "The history of the Christian Brothers in the United States would be woefully incomplete without a grateful tribute to the devoted sons of St. Paul of the Cross . . . and the many reciprocal courtesies that have passed between them."

If you know the Christian Brothers, you cannot afford to pass by this book. If you don't know them, here will begin a noble friendship.

JUDE MEAD, C.P.

## SHORT NOTICES

**THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT.** By Dom Lawrence Scupoli. 265 pages. Catholic Book Publishing Co. \$2.00. One of the great little classics of spiritual science made available again in a revised edition. Scupoli is a kind of idea-man for those who want to get on in the spiritual life and who want to keep reminded of the points that they should watch. Reading him is a succession of hints. It is also a brief but incisive examination of conscience. He is interested in helping the person who is interested in holiness. That is his market. He is not at all interested in making literature. Therefore, he is perfectly sincere in every word that he utters. He strikes no stylistic postures. He is a father to the soul. He is privileged to lead the soul to God. And those who want thus to be led in the holiest and best way will love him for it.

**THE SACRAMENTAL WAY.** Edited by Mary Perkins. 404 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$5.00. The Liturgical Movement in the United States during the past decade has made rapid strides to clarify its aims, by distinguishing what is essential in the complete concept of Christian living, from what is accidental. Fortunately, too, it has directed its tremendous zeal toward the engendering of a positive spirit of love and appreciation for God and His worship, rather than identify itself with some mere partisan reform. *The Sacramental Way* is a compilation of thirty-four papers prepared originally for the National Liturgical Weeks, 1940 to 1945. Mary Perkins has assorted these essays to present a unified working-plan for Catholic life and action. The book is primarily a declaration of those principles which must be acknowledged and enforced, if the intelligent Catholic layman is to reach true, personal, and social perfection through participation in the sacred mysteries. Here is, indeed, the charter for the Liturgical Movement, a welcome guide to direct modern, lay effort toward the glorious achievements of the sacramental apostolate.

### REVIEWERS

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# FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

**Tomorrow Will be Better** by Betty Smith

**Important People** by Robert Van Gelder

**No Highway** by Nevil Shute

**A Candle for St. Jude** by Rumer Godden

**The House by the Sea** by Jon Godden

**With Crooked Lines** by J. M. Hartley

**Tomorrow Will be Better**  
by Betty Smith.

► The Williamsburg section of Brooklyn is the setting of this, as it was of Mrs. Smith's extraordinarily popular first novel, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Again the central figure is a girl growing up in a poor, riven home. Margy Shannon's parents bicker, quarrel furiously, and grow apart because of their poverty and frustration. In youth they had confidently expected to get away from the slum neighborhood in which they were reared, to be successful and prosperous. But they find themselves repeating the pattern of their parents' lives in precisely the same setting. Margy, in turn, is sure that she will leave the grubby neighborhood behind and attain affluence and ease. The book shows the gradual dimming and the final eclipse of her dream. She marries a young man whose background and ambition match hers. But the marriage quickly sours because of her husband's peculiarity, and after their child dies the two go separate ways.

This novel begins surely, sharply. Mrs. Smith makes of Margy an especially appealing character, and the depiction of her childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood is acutely particularized and touched with pathos. But with Margy's marriage the novel begins to falter, then collapses, losing its grip on one's credence and sympathy, as it takes on the chilling clinical air of a case history.

Inferior to the earlier book, this is good precisely in the measure that it resembles its predecessor; when it strikes out on its own, it strikes out. There are a few bits smacking of obscenity. The ill-informed and wobbly Catholicism of the principals suggests disquieting thoughts on the religious state of the urban masses.

(Harper. \$3.00)

**Important People** by Robert Van Gelder

► New Yorkers of a different stripe are considered in Mr. Van Gelder's book:

"important people" in the sense that they are wealthy, powerful, and socially pre-eminent. But their financial status, which the Shannons would envy, does not bring them joy. Indeed, a more miserable menagerie of quasi-humans would be hard to imagine. The novel focuses on Dixon West, who returns from war service to take a position at the top of his grandfather's publishing empire. At first he aspires to use the Dixon millions, publications, and influence for the betterment of society, but a series of decisive developments brings him to a point of view little different from that of old Carter West.

The merit of this work lies in its knowledgeable and acid presentation of the minds, mores, and milieu of the extremely wealthy and their hangers-on: the vicious women of means and their parasitic husbands, the irresponsible molders of public opinion, the literary phonies, the hucksters, the yatterers at parties peopled by odious friends, etc. It has some worth as a commentary on race relations. But as a novel it does not cohere and drive plausibly forward. Its characters are discerningly studied, its several lines and facets of action are competently defined. But, as a whole, it impresses one as factitious. It is a distinctly unpleasant book, concerned as it is with the immorality and amorality of men, women, and even children.

(Doubleday. \$3.00)

**No Highway** by Nevil Shute

► Trust Mr. Shute to write a smooth, flowing novel; he is a master of the art. But here he wastes his skill on insubstantial and at times absurdly improbable material. Theodore Honey, an ugly, slovenly, middle-aged widower, a scientist, makes calculations leading him to broach the theory that a certain type of passenger plane, used in transoceanic service, will break down when it has been some fourteen hundred hours in the air. There is no experimental proof. Against opposition from the designer, the airline, and several highly placed persons in the government and the military service, Scott, Honey's superior, fights to have planes of this type grounded. Scott undertakes a hazardous investigation of a recent crash to establish Honey's contentions. This he manages to do, but only with the assistance of information obtained by resort to the practices of Spiritism.

It is not always easy to keep interested

in the theorizing of Mr. Honey and its verification by fact. The story takes on the color of silly romancing when a renowned and fabulously beautiful Hollywood star seeks to become the second Mrs. Honey, only to be outraced by an almost equally beautiful airline stewardess. As for the Spiritistic episode, it is altogether too flimsy to be the turning point of a credible novel. I presume that Mr. Shute is saying that, just as scientific theory may be valid prior to palpable proof, so Spiritism may be perfectly trustworthy although there is no irrefutable evidence in support of it. A disappointing performance, this, by one who seldom lets his large following down.

(Morrow. \$3.00)

**A Candle for St. Jude** by Rumer Godden

► **A Candle for St. Jude** is a happier and slighter book than the earlier productions of Rumer Godden. It has none of the intricacy of *Take Three Tenses*, none of the subtlety and poignancy of *The River*. It is more of an entertainment than anything the author has done hitherto. Its setting is the ballet school of the aged Mme. Holbein, not far from London. Once a celebrated ballerina, Mme. Holbein now runs a school at her home, and connected with the school is a small theater where an annual performance demonstrates the still functioning creative ability, the tutorial excellence, and the talent-finding genius of the old lady.

The day of her golden jubilee is at hand. A performance is scheduled. But the program is unsatisfactory. With only fifteen hours to go before curtain time, an entirely new ballet is staged, costumed, scored, set, and rehearsed; it proves a sensation. Mme. Holbein's reputation, far from fading, takes on added luster, a new choreographer and principal dancer comes to public notice, a romance materializes, an established partnership is broken, a waif-like child gets a chance for fame.

The atmosphere of the Holbein establishment is the distinctive feature of this slim, gracefully wrought, and engaging piece. In Mme. Holbein, Miss Godden presents a study in temperament and conscience, with vanity and honesty in conflict, personal envy and professional responsibility clashing. The title comes from a custom of Miss Ilse, Mme. Holbein's sister-in-law and factotum, who, when things go wrong, lights a supplicatory candle to St. Jude, patron of desperate causes. Miss Ilse says that St. Jude saves the day. Mme. Holbein, an agnostic, openly scoffs, but secretly wonders.

► **The House by the Sea** brings together an English spinster of forty and an American soldier of twenty-five, under

strange circumstances. Edwina Marsh has escaped from the domination of her father and a masterful woman friend, to live in an isolated house in Cornwall. There she will be alone with her day-dreams, and secure. Ross Dennahay bursts in on her, lamed, exhausted, disheveled. He has deserted from the army and committed two murders. He will hide out in Edwina's house until he can safely travel again. These very different people, each islanded, are drawn together, and their intimacy has a brutal carnal climax. Then Ross, discovered by searchers, leaps to his death in the sea, and Edwina is left alone.

Whereas Jon Godden cannot match her sister at the latter's best, she writes delicately, sensitively. But here her command of the resources of the language is wasted on inconsequential material given a tawdry twist. Reduced to its essentials, her book suggests that living and sexual experience are synonymous, and that a raw, merely sensual, and morally wrong sexual experience is good and beneficent. This notion, though hackneyed, is utterly specious, and there is something especially distasteful about its being fitted out in fastidious prose.

(*Viking*. \$2.75  
(*Rinehart*. \$2.75)

With *Crooked Lines* by J. M. Hartley ▶ "God writes straight with crooked lines," says the Portuguese proverb. Stanley Updike, in this supposed illustration of the proverb, is a brain surgeon serving the Navy in a civilian capacity. In Corpus Christi, Texas, he meets a girl, considerably younger than he, with whom he falls in love. He also meets the girl's uncle, a priest. The priest gradually shows Updike the way out of agnosticism into the household of the Faith. Meanwhile the girl is apparently committed to another man, to Updike's distress. However, after a profusion of melodramatic complications, the doctor discovers that his love is reciprocated, and wedding bells ring out.

The main purpose of this work seems to be a statement of the fallacies of sheer rationalism and scientism, and of the truth of Catholicism. This is attempted in solid chunks of argumentation unassimilated into the organism of the would-be novel. The character-drawing is fumbling and pallid, the action laborious, the story unconvincing and tedious. This is a bungled job, its capital flaw being the substitution of theoretical discussion for concrete demonstration. The role of the novelist is to show, not to lecture. His points must be made through the narrative, not set out as in a manual of apologetics. To produce a Catholic novel it is not sufficient to know how God writes; one must also know how an authentic novelist writes. (Bruce. \$2.75)



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Announcement

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The Sisters of Charity of Zama who specialize in domestic work in seminaries and institutions and in the care of old people are in need of many vocations. They offer the opportunity of a religious vocation to girls who have not had the benefit of an education or special training and also to women whose age would be an obstacle to most religious orders. Candidates should apply to

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## SISTERS OF ST. ELIZABETH ARE IN NEED OF VOCATIONS

Young women interested in practical nursing including domestic work are invited to write. The Sisters devote their lives to God in Nursing Homes for invalid, crippled and blind women. Such women who have passed the age of 30, but still give promise of becoming good religious, too are encouraged to write to:

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## THE FRANCISCAN SISTERS

of Calais have now a Novitiate at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Young ladies interested in devoting themselves to the care of the sick in Hospitals may correspond with the

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

## Sadness Unto Death

[Continued from page 47]

He is more closely united to us than we are, in the ordinary way, to one another. As members of His Mystical Body, we are united to Him in a mysterious way, which, for want of a better word, we can only call physical. There was, therefore, a physical as well as a moral reason why our sufferings should react on Him.

Again, vistas of incalculable sufferings are opened out to our gaze. What Our Saviour told Blessed Battista Verani is only what one could deduce:

"The elect being united to Me both in life and in death, caused Me to feel all their pains before and after death. That is to say, all the pains of this life and the pains which it behoveth them to suffer afterwards in Purgatory . . .

"I suffered all the pains and torments of the martyrs; all the penances of the penitents. All the temptations of the tempted; all the sicknesses of the infirm. The persecutions, the outrages, the wanderings, all the sufferings, great and lesser, of all My true members that make the pilgrimage of life. All these I have felt as truly and as keenly as thou wouldst feel a blow received on thy hand or foot, or in thine eye, or any other member . . .

"Picture to thyself how many were the martyrs, and how great were the diversities of their torments, and how great were all the various pains suffered by My elect in general, and then tell thyself—hadst thou a thousand eyes, a thousand feet, a thousand hands, and a thousand other members and didst thou in each of these suffer a thousand different pains, and if all these divers were welded into one vast pain, how exquisite would such an agony appear to thee. Yet, consider this, My members were neither a thousand nor a million but of a number that no mind can reckon. Neither could the diversity of their pains be counted by any man, since beyond reckoning are the pains of all the virgins, martyrs, and confessors, and of all those that are My true members."

And that is only one aspect of one aspect of His Passion!

Consideration of the intensity of the mental suffering of Christ is profoundly humiliating. As we kneel in spirit beside our agonizing Saviour in the Garden, we are overcome by an overpowering consciousness of our dullness and want of refinement and incapacity to offer Him congenial sympathy or a worthwhile effective return of love. Obviously, our best plan is to accept His invitation and just "stay and watch" with Him and let our hearts go out to Him in silent compassion and intense thanksgiving.



## THE LITTLE GIRLS

(Continued from page 34)

more days, she thought dully, the little girls would still talk about the beautiful death.

But one of the little girls seemed to be hanging back, the little girl who had come in late and breathless. She seemed undecided about something and then, with sudden resolution, she walked over to the mother.

"Mama said I shouldn't give it to you," she said with a little rush, "because Mary Ellen didn't need a Spiritual Bouquet, but I had already made it and so . . . well, and so here it is." She thrust a folded piece of paper into the mother's hand and, turning, walked swiftly away.

The mother opened the paper. At the top, in heavy black crayola, was a big "J.M.J." Underneath, in uneven printing, it said: "I will say 1,000 Hail Mary's for Mary Ellen Dunlap. Signed, her friend Helen Jo Mackey." Then, this time in purple crayola, was a row of crosses, followed by a P.S. "I will never forget her as long as I live."

The mother folded the paper carefully. It seemed to make even her tonsils ache, for she knew all about little girls. She had seen extravagant home-made Spiritual Bouquets before. She knew exactly how much they could mean and yet, somehow, this was the nicest one she had ever seen.

She turned to her husband and handed him the slip of paper without a word. Maybe it would make him feel better, too.



Last Hope

► Awaiting the arrival of the most recent in a long succession of beaus, the no-longer-so-young lady sat in the living room with her mother. As she waited, she paged through a magazine.

"Mother," she said, "it says here that David means 'beloved' and Philip means 'lover of horses.' I wonder what George means."

Her mother sighed.

"I hope," she said, "that George means business."

—Frank Reilly

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

served for eleven years on Molokai with Ira Dutton. According to the brother, Ira Dutton was not a monk from Vermont. Dutton never became attached to the congregation to which Father Damien belonged. Prior to his volunteer duty on Molokai, Dutton was a Civil War officer, who constantly drummed the battles of the Civil War into the ears of my friend.

According to the brother's account, it was at the instigation of President Roosevelt that the Fleet steamed past the island, and mainly because of Dutton's military service during the Civil War.

HENRY F. UNGER

Washington, D. C.

## Progress

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I saw a glimpse of the June issue and I must say it has greatly improved over the years past. Best of luck and success in the fine work you are doing in helping in a great fight between Communism and Catholicism. God grant the former will soon be crushed and driven off the face of the earth.

MARY C. SMITH, R. N.

New York, N. Y.

## Superior Catholics

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

First let me commend the new SIGN of recent months. Your magazine has certainly risen to the highest place among our Catholic magazines.

But more especially let me second the opinion of (Mrs.) Peggy Wink in her letter in your June issue. It is indeed time that these pseudo-intellectuals ceased placing themselves above and in criticism of priests.

The Church's doctrines are occasionally fortunate enough to receive approval from their superior intellects, and may then, it seems, be entrusted to the priests—at least, the few priests who dwarf the others.

JAMES T. BYRNES

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## An Eskimo Priest

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your monthly is a delightful "shot in one's intellectual arm" out here on my Island Parish (100 miles long by 50 wide). I refuse to think what life would be without its regular arrival.

(REV.) LOUIS B. FINK, S. J.

Kodiak, Alaska

## Wearing Well

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your magazine has made such a deep impression upon me that I had to write this letter of appreciation. At least four times today I have paged through it, and, unlike so many publications nowadays, I have no less enthusiasm for it the last time than the first.

Thank you for the many moments of enjoyment you provide me with each month.

MADELINE H. SAUER

St. Albans, N. Y.

## Spain: Green Light

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have been receiving THE SIGN for a year and I find it wonderful, especially the just

THE SIGN

prides and references to Spain. Please continue to try to present the truth about Spain to your American readers, who do not always have the full truth given to them.

Rv. Jose M. Perez LERENDEGUI  
Pamplona, España

### Spain: Red Light

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Since the controversy on Spain seems to be on again, judging from a book review and some letters in the July issue of THE SIGN, it may be well for us Catholics to be reminded of what a great Catholic priest has written on the subject.

In his book, *Italy and the Coming World* (New York, 1945), Don Sturzo wrote: "Those who even today would have us believe that the army rebellion in Spain was an internal affair and a preventive defense against a Red revolution, forget the initial agreements reached between Spanish generals and the Fascist government in Rome in 1934, the further agreements in the spring of 1936 between Rome and Berlin, and Hitler's desire to test in *corpore* new arms and new methods of warfare, while in the face of mankind he and his compeer posed as the champions of antibolshevism, winning Catholic sympathies throughout the world."

On the subject of Franco, Don Sturzo has written in several of his other scholarly works, but perhaps his most important writing on the subject is to be found in one of his masterpieces, *Church and State* (New York, 1939, with an imprimatur).

I shall never forget the seriousness with which Don Sturzo wrote to me once, in answer to an inquiry I had made, to pray in all charity for those priests and Catholics who were still defending Franco as the savior of Christianity, because they did not know how much damage they had already done to the Church and would continue to do in the future.

That is why I have taken the time and the trouble to write this letter. I sincerely hope that you will publish it and that Catholics will go directly to Don Sturzo's books to learn more about a subject that has agitated souls for so long and that is important in a world longing for peace, justice, and freedom.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO

Bryn Mawr, Penna.

### Thanks from England

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Bless you and thank you for helping me to receive THE SIGN in the future. I have received eight of the nicest letters I have ever had. One kind lady enclosed some other Catholic publications; another, some literature about Our Lady of Fatima; and yet another enclosed some chocolate. Honestly, here in England gestures like this mean an awful lot to us.

My husband—Tom, Bernard, and myself will offer up Communion tomorrow in thanksgiving.

KATHLEEN ROBERTS

Galley-Cheadle  
Cheshire, England

### A Friend Up North

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have bothered you frequently during the past two years about changes of address. This same favor I must ask again, but for the last

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# Christmas Club for Christ



Dear Member:

Through your kind assistance and your zealous work for the Passionist Missionaries, the Membership of our Christmas Club for Christ is slowly growing. But we still need many, many more members. May we not beg of you to go all out for increased membership during these few months preceding the birthday of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on December 25?

Ask your friends and acquaintances wherever you meet them to become Penny-a-Day Penny-Pinchers for the Passionist Missions in China.

God bless you in your efforts.

*Fr. Emmanuel, C.P.*

Please Get New Members for our Christmas Club

**A  
Penny-A-Day  
For  
The Missions**

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.  
Dear Father:  
The undersigned request enrollment in your Christmas Club for Christ. Send Mite Boxes.  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City, State.....  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City, State.....

time. I enjoy THE SIGN as much as ever and have recommended it industriously to others. I hope you will continue to finish your stories without "Continued on page—" as much as possible. The people prefer it that way. May God bless your fearless exposition of truth and send you always writers as good as those you have had so far.

REV. EDMUND ROCHE  
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

## Pepsi-Cola Education

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This month for the fifth consecutive year, the nation's most comprehensive search for unusual ability among high school students will get under way. Boys and girls from the 25,000 high schools in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico will be given an opportunity to take part in the 1949 Pepsi-Cola scholarship program under which 119 Four-Year College Scholarships and 600 College Entrance Prizes, totalling \$350,000, will be awarded to seniors who give promise of leadership in their chosen fields.

More than 500 winners of Four-Year College Scholarships, which are financed by the Pepsi-Cola Company, are already on 175 campuses of the nation's colleges, and now the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Board is looking for at least 119 more.

The 1949 selection will begin this month when elections are held among high school senior classes all over the country to choose candidates for the preliminary examination which the contestants must take. The finalists chosen on the basis of the first test will be announced in December, and they will take a final test in January. From the scores made on this second examination, the winners will be selected and their names announced in March.

Winners of the Four-Year College Scholarships will receive full college tuition, \$25 a month, and traveling expenses for four years. Runners-up will be awarded College Entrance Prizes worth \$50 when the winners enter college in the fall of 1949; and those students who rank among the top 10 per cent of the contestants in the country will receive Certificates of Distinguished Performance.

Any high school senior who wants to try for one of these awards can see his or her Principal who has been sent complete information about the program.

PEPSI-COLA SCHOLARSHIP BOARD  
1915 University Ave.  
Palo Alto, Calif.

## Unclaimed Religious Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your June issue under the title "A Charitable Offer" you published a letter from Rita M. Crowley—no address given.

I am in correspondence with Rev. Eugene Daberto, La Wa—in Antigue, Panay, Philippines. He asks what happens to rosaries that are left in churches and are never claimed. He wishes he had them for his people—even broken ones. I am sure that he would be glad to get the prayer books offered by Rita Crowley. May I ask you to pass this on to her or give it space in your wonderful magazine.

M. ERMA SCANLON  
Malone, N. Y.

# Penny-Pinchers for Passionists



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# "INFLATION IS COMING!"

**Do not delude yourself into thinking inflation is here. It has come a long way, but prices will keep rising DESPITE ANYTHING we can now do.**

Maybe you are making more money than you ever made in your life; maybe you're planning a new car, a new home, a new business—but before you spend one penny on any investment, *here are the facts you must face!* Inflation is leading to the *greatest financial disaster in history.* The President has warned about it; economists, thoughtful business men, leaders of all political parties are frantically trying to warn the people of the danger. *Yet prices creep upward in spite of them!*

## Self-Preservation—or Blind Faith?

Back in 1928, when bankers, brokers, businessmen, and economists thought the boom would never end—

When stocks, bonds, real estate and commodities were shooting skyward—

When the optimists were preaching the gospel of "a new era," "we'll never see old-fashioned hard times again," and when "pessimists" were shunned like a plague, Ralph Borsodi raised his voice in warning. *A few listened; most did not.* Then came Black Friday and the bottom fell out of the boom—unemployment, the melting of paper profits, bank failures, bankruptcies, followed. The lesson of history is that *no nation in the world* has ever been able to stop run-away inflation once it got started—and *this one is off to a good start.*

## The Time to Act is Now!

Since 1941, Ralph Borsodi has lectured and written that our national monetary policy must inevitably end in disaster. War always creates an artificial boom—but the day of reckoning always comes. The forces of inflation and depression are loose again. The vicious cycle is in full swing now. *You will be foolish, says Borsodi, to believe anything can or will be done to stop it.* In spite of temporary declines, prices keep going up. Every rise makes the inevitable fall that much worse when it finally comes. *Since the beginning of the war half the purchasing power of your money—your salary, your bank accounts, your bonds, your life insurance—has already been wiped out.*

If you want the *truth*—if you have the courage to face the facts—if you want to know *what you can do now*, read Ralph Borsodi's plan for security, now and for

## He predicted the 1929 crash! Ralph Borsodi

The distinguished author of "INFLATION IS COMING" was consulting economist to many of the largest firms in America including Dupont Rayons, R. H. Macy Co., Nat. Retail Dry Goods Ass'n., Spool Cotton Co., and the Edison General Electric Co.



the future. As Consulting Economist for many of the largest corporations in the nation, his plans have had to be practical. Even if you know nothing about economic laws, you will find this the clearest, most convincing book you can read. In simple words, pictures, charts and figures it describes conditions today, compares them with other inflations and depressions, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that your future, and that of those dependent upon you, is in dire peril, *unless you act now!*

## Protection and Real Security

Because this book is so important to you, we sincerely urge you to read it. Because it answers questions that are troubling so many millions of Americans who have families to support and jobs to hold—and because we know it will help you to face the future with confidence and security, we ask you to examine the revised 1948 edition of "INFLATION IS COMING—AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT," without risk, on a 5-day trial. Order your copy now. It may save your entire future!

## What Readers Say About this Book:

"I read your book sometime ago. I interpret the inflation as the kind of inflation called 'run away.' Assuming a dollar as 100 cents in 1933, and 30 cents from 1934 to 1939, at the peak of inflation we should have a 25 to 30c. dollar."—Congressman G.H.T., Washington, D. C.

"Your book 'Inflation Is Coming' impresses me so forcibly I am buying copies to send to friends."—Engineer, Chestertown, Ind.

"Everyone connected with the future of our nation should read 'Inflation Is Coming!' My wife and I are like millions of other U. S. citizens living on a salaried income. We have war bonds, bank deposits and insurance and I think the information in your book is of special value to people like us."—C.R.B.

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## News Item:

Washington.—The U. S. Bureau of Labor wholesale price index shows that prices are now 2.1% higher than last month; 12.9% higher than a year ago, and 216.2% higher than in 1939 when inflation started. Most economists agree that they will rise at the rate of at least 1.0% monthly during the coming year.

## PRESIDENT TRUMAN says:

"We already have an alarming degree of inflation. And even more alarming, it is getting worse . . . Even those who are well off are asking, 'How long can it last? When is the break coming?'"

## VIRGIL JORDAN, Economist, Pres.

### National Industrial Conference Board:

"We are now in the most powerful, pervasive and comprehensive inflation process the world has probably ever experienced . . . We may expect prices and wages to continue rising with variations . . . in one way or another."

## Financier BERNARD BARUCH says:

"We are on the brink of an engulfing inflation."

## What you need to know for protection:

- 1 What to do about your savings and bank deposits *now* — before it is too late.
- 2 What to do *now* with your government bonds and any other securities you own.
- 3 What to do *now* to avoid shrinkage in the value of your life insurance policies.
- 4 What to do *now* to avoid danger of foreclosure on your home or farm.
- 5 What those dependent on the wages and salaries from their jobs should do *now*.
- 6 What families which live in cities or rent their homes should do *now*.
- 7 What families depending on pensions or unemployment insurance should do *now*.
- 8 What our nation's leaders should do *now* to prevent a depression — *but won't.*

## Research Division, Dept. 8-S School of Living, Suffern, N. Y.

Of course I want to protect myself and my family against the worst financial disaster in history. Send . . . copies of "Inflation Is Coming—And What To Do About It!" I enclose \$1 per copy, (cash, check or money order). If not completely satisfied I may return book (s) within 5 days and you will refund my money.

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